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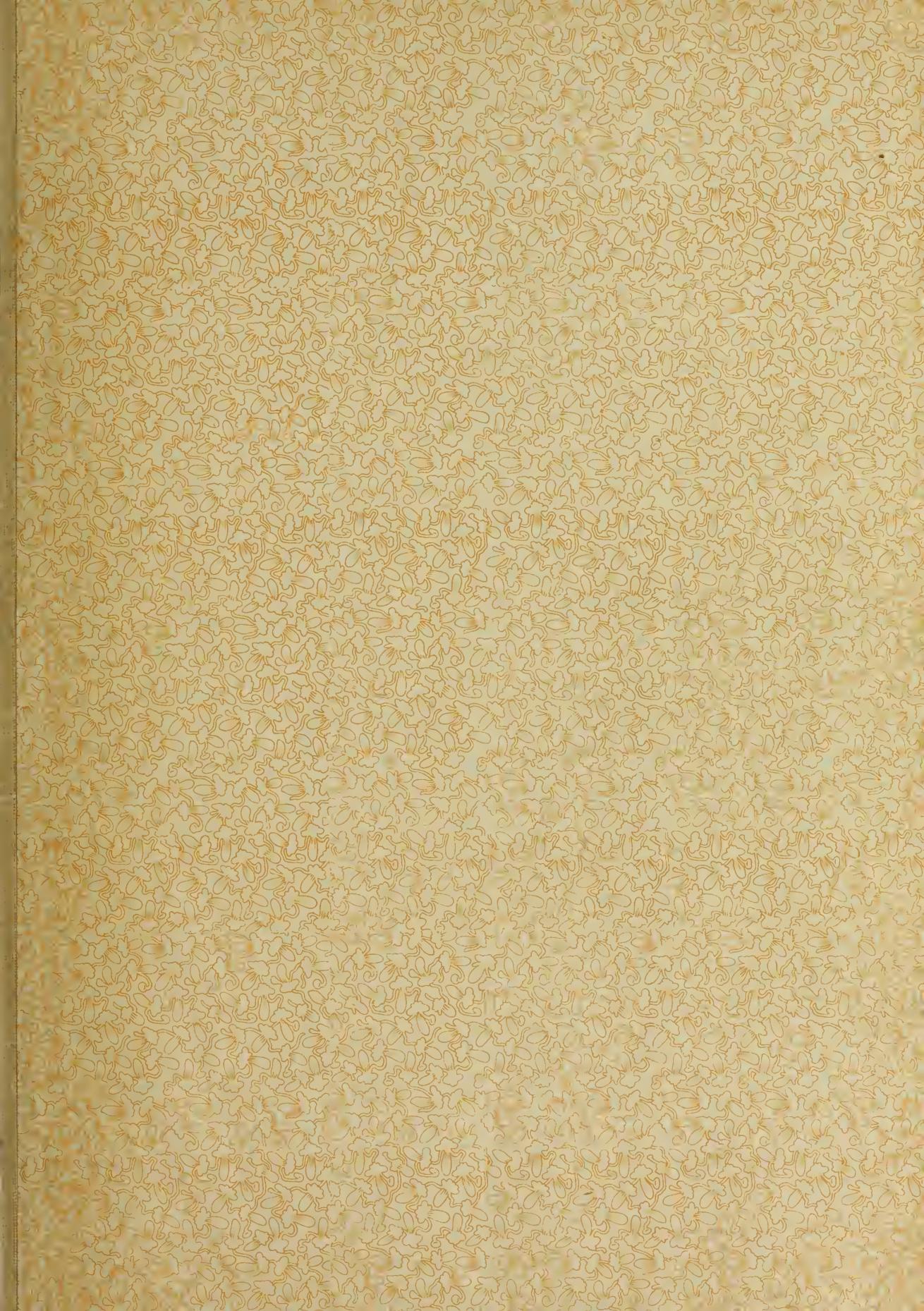
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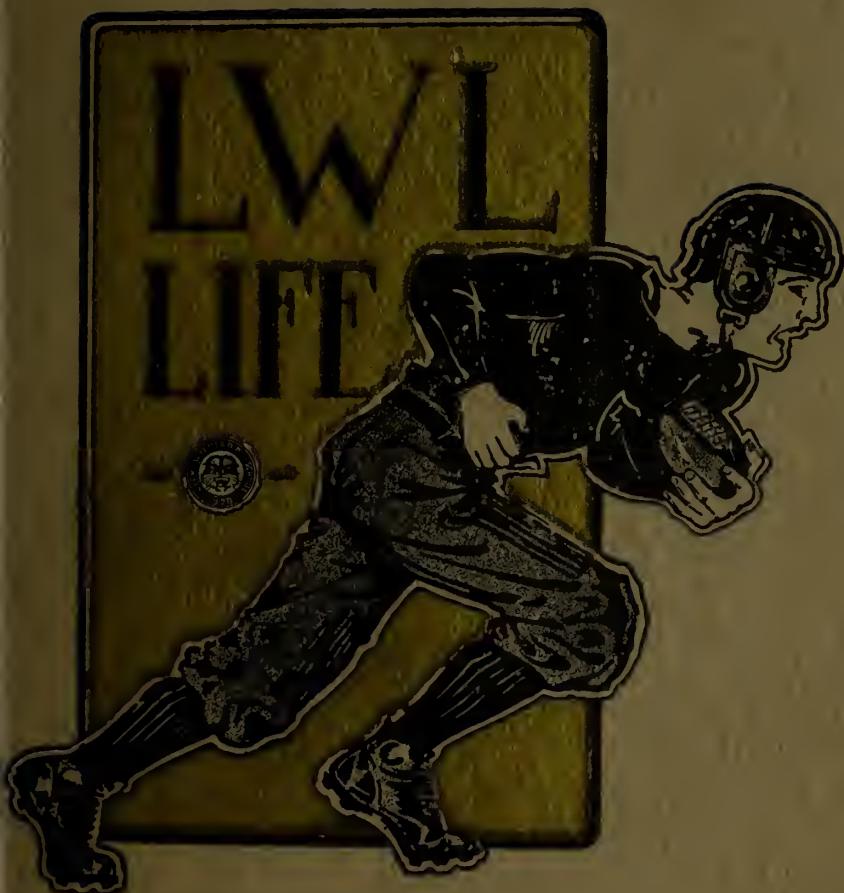
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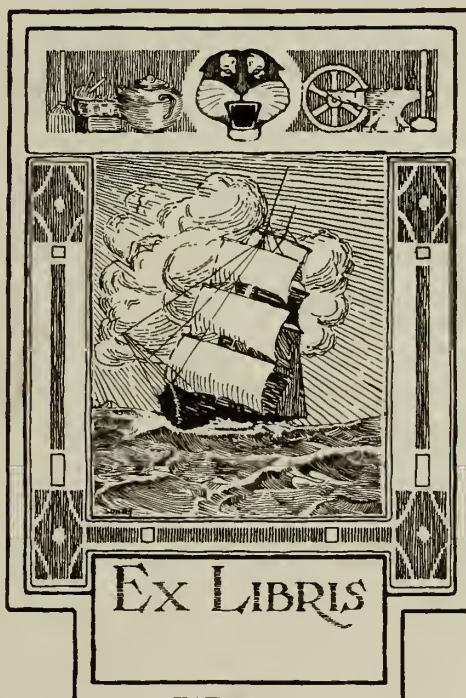
DECEMBER  
1920







L-W-L  
LIFE



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## Foreword

**T**HE time has come when this journal must travel through the hands of those who will peruse it. We think that it is but fitting for them to first learn who are responsible for its contents; who have helped to make a success of this issue and upon whose excellence rested the fate of the "Life" of the future.

First and foremost are those who have prepared material for its pages. They have toiled unceasingly for the benefit of a book whose very hope of going to press was in doubt. They are not the only ones who have strived for a "Life," however, for the Faculty has helped us in every possible way to win our goal. We are especially indebted to Miss Jackson, Miss Glass and Mrs. Woodland for their unremitting efforts in behalf of the literary work and to Miss Boulware for her help in matters dealing with the art work.

For the quick and accurate labor on the cuts we are greatly indebted to the American Art Company, especially to Mr. Davis, who gave us much needed help. For the pleasing style and the general richness of the completed issue we extend our gratitude to The Hansen Company, whose ready advice and excellent printing saved the day.

For the general photography we are deeply indebted to Mr. Boussom, Senior, of the Boussum Studio.

Those mentioned above have worked unselfishly to make of this journal a huge success. Have they succeeded, or have they not? That question is left for the reader to decide. We hope that you will now go through the pages which follow with the knowledge that all have helped to make of it what it is; that you and your school are as much responsible for the present issue as those who have worked for its betterment.

EDITOR and MANAGER.

## Dedication

To the Faculties of  
Lick-Wilmerding and Lux.

In appreciation of their unceasing  
efforts in behalf of this issue of  
the L-W-L "Life", we  
hereby dedicate this  
journal to them



MR. MERRILL







# FACULTY

George A. Merrill, B. S. .... Director

## DEANS

Theresa M. Otto, B. L., B. S. .... Lux.

George F. Wood ..... Wilmerding

Bruno Heymann ..... Lick

---

## Lux

Ethel B. Lawson (substitute), B. L., M. L.	English and History
Edna C. O'Conner, B. L.	English and History
Claire A. Tucker, A. B.	English and History
Gertrude R. Wall	Drawing
Madge E. Stevenson	Domestic Art
Alice E. Webster, B. S.	Science and Mathematics
Mabel J. Gottenberg, B. S.	Household Science
Grace E. Fassett	Health and Hygiene
Dorothy Patterson	Millinery
Lorette A. Roumiguiere	Plain Sewing
Mary L. Crittenden	Dressmaking
Ruth M. Nicolson	Housekeeping, Laundering, Etc.
Ida H. Nielson	Cooking and Dietetics
Ruth S. Marshall	Recorder

## Faculty—Continued

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## Lick

Eleanor M. Jackson, A. B., M. A.	English and Latin
Margery E. Glass, B. L., M. L.	English and Spanish
Max A. Plumb, B. S.	Mathematics and Physics
Sydney A. Tibbetts, B. S.	Chemistry
Stella Boulware, A. B.	Free Hand Drawing
Agnes Wood, A. B.	Mathematics
Chas. A. McLeran	General Woodworking and Pattern Making
Jacob L. Mathis	Forge Work
Joseph H. Sunkel	Machine Shop
F. A. Dixon	Assistant Machinist
Enid A. Burns	Recorder

## Wilmerding

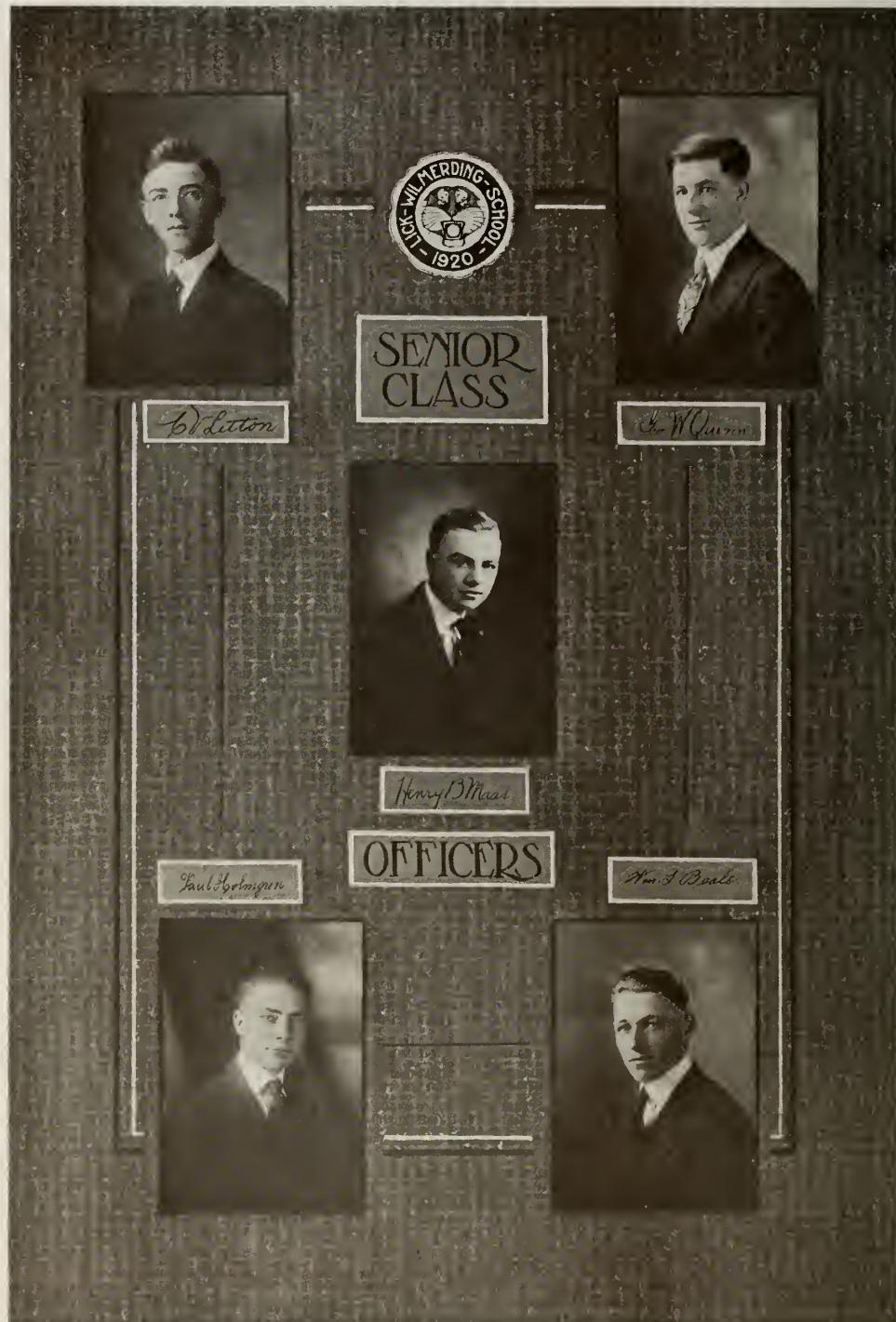
Evelyn M. Woodland, B. L., M. L.	English and Civics
Caroline B. Morrison, B. Sc., D. S.	Mathematics
Frank L. Williams, B. S.	Science and First Aid
Leon D. Lockwood	Architectural Drawing
John E. Maybeck	Cabinet Work
Fred H. Mighall	Stone Work
H. A. L. Jones	Electric Shop
Chas. C. Herbert	Machine and Auto Shop
Margaret E. Greig	Recorder

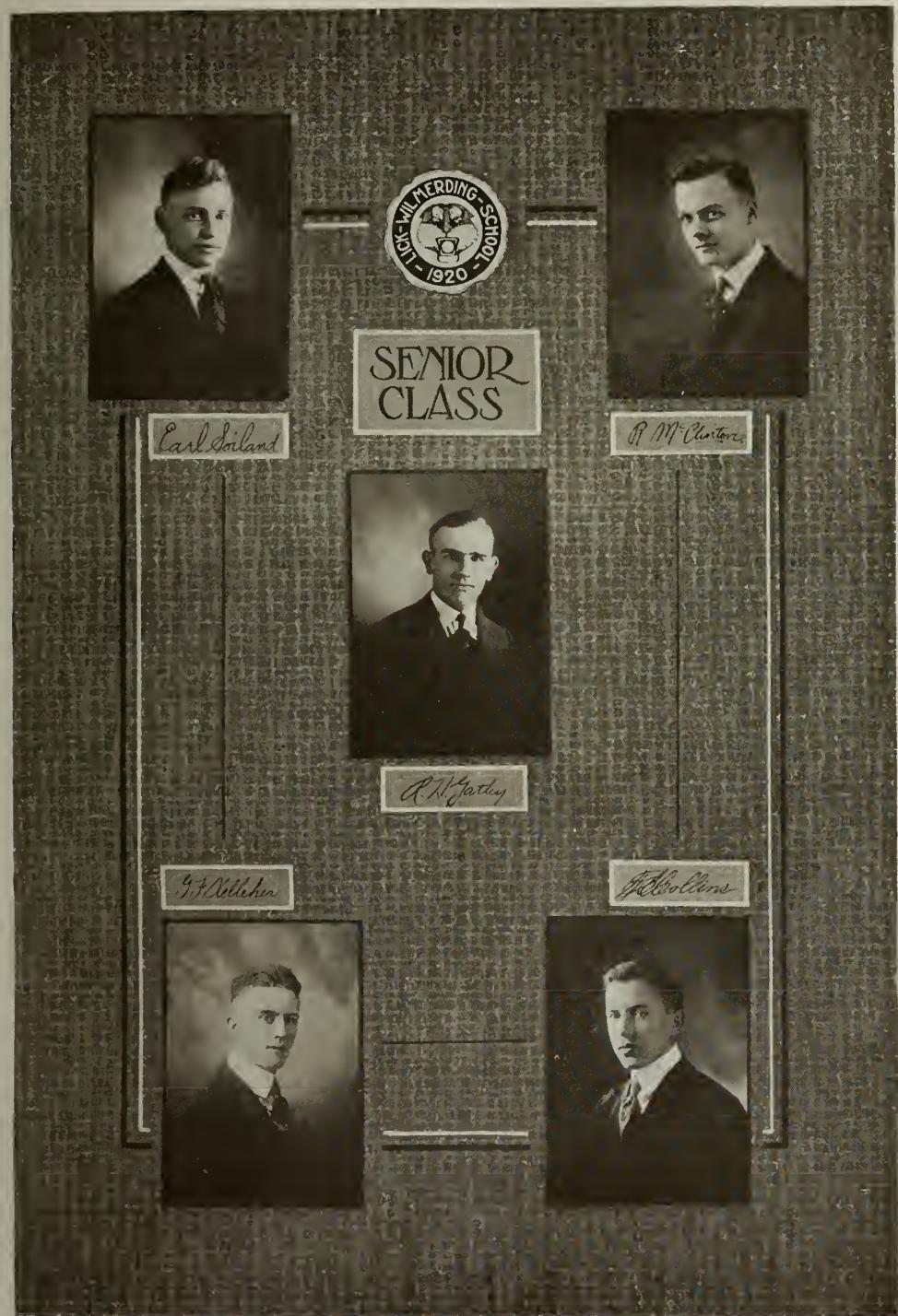
### *Senior Sonnet*

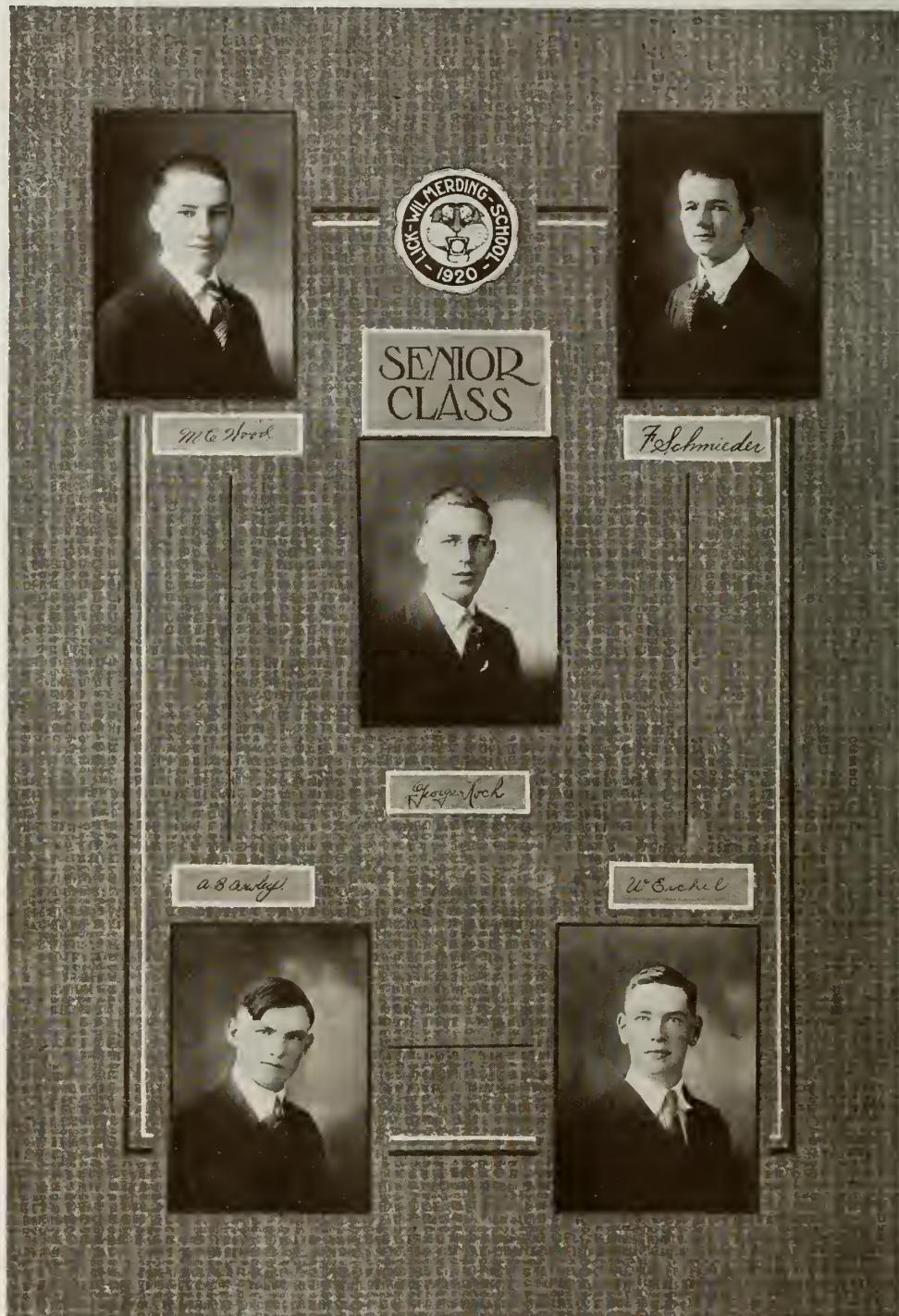
I've thought with sadness through many a silent hour,  
That the joys which now are fresh and strong about me  
Would fade; then vanish, never more to be.  
The pleasures, the tasks by which we've gained our power,  
The struggles of four short years so happily spent  
Seem now fraught with meaning rich and clear.  
May life have in store for each a place here  
Where work and play their blessings fair have lent.  
But a little time, and that goal we've sought, is won,  
Won with honor;—'twill be a victory!  
Achievement, pride, ambition kindle now.  
But the greatest gain—the friends made one by one  
Friends tried and true who will ever loyal be  
To cherish that friendship fine, we make our vow.

RICHARD GATLEY.









# The Journey of the Good Ship "Christmas, '20"

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THE good ship "Christmas, '20" started on her journey on January seventh, nineteen-seventeen, with a full complement of crew and officers numbering sixty-eight. The inexperienced sailors came from all parts of the country. There were tall, lanky men and short, stout ones, all with the same hope and resolution to cover the entire course of the strange sea, "Lick-Wilmerding." We left the home port, "Grammar School," and embarked for the unexplored sea with the advice of hardened seamen ringing in our ears. "Look out for the 'Sophomore Rushes,'" "Have a good time at 'Freshman Reception Isles,'" "Back up your superior officers," and "Respect the 'Seniors' of the sea," was the well received advice.

Under the guidance of Captain Stolz and First Mate Charlie Knipe, we covered the first lap of our four year trip. My, how many hardships we inexperienced sailors did meet with. Going thru the Straits of Algebra many of our members took sick and twelve died. Continuing on our voyage, we reached the "Freshman Reception Isles" and, being very shy of the natives of '18, we did not enjoy ourselves as we should have. Reaching the small port of "August," Captain Stolz and First Mate Knipe were relieved of duty.

Captain Cahill succeeded to the important position of steering our ship thru the troubled waters. The good ship covered many miles of her course, keeping excellent pace with others of her kind. Going toward "December," an awful storm befell us. For many days and nights the ship was tossed about by the angry ocean and then—a wreck on the "English Isles." This cost us sixteen members of our crew. We then put in at the port "December" and rested at the "Holidays."

The remaining forty-seven members of the crew, under the leadership of Captain Crowley, continued the voyage. How certain we felt. We were "Sophs" of the sea. Each sailor had his place on the good ship "Christmas '20" and he did his best so that she would finish with a good record. Our next stop was at "Interclass Isles" where the men of the various ships, "18," "19," "20," and "21," held a rendezvous in the different activities. The winners would uphold the honors of the fleet on "Lick-Wilmerding" against those of other seas. You should have seen the first-class athletes the "Christmas, '20" carried. In all kinds of goods she figured well.

Captain Crowley was soon relieved of duty by Carley and First Mate Maas. These two capable men guided the ship safely on its course until one dark, foggy night when she gave an awful lurch forward. "Man the Pumps!" Every man obeyed. After the hole in the hull was repaired we discovered that we had lost fourteen men on "Geometry Reefs."

The third lap began with Ed Litchenberg at the helm and Fremont Schmeider as First Mate. We were "Juniors" of the sea and considered



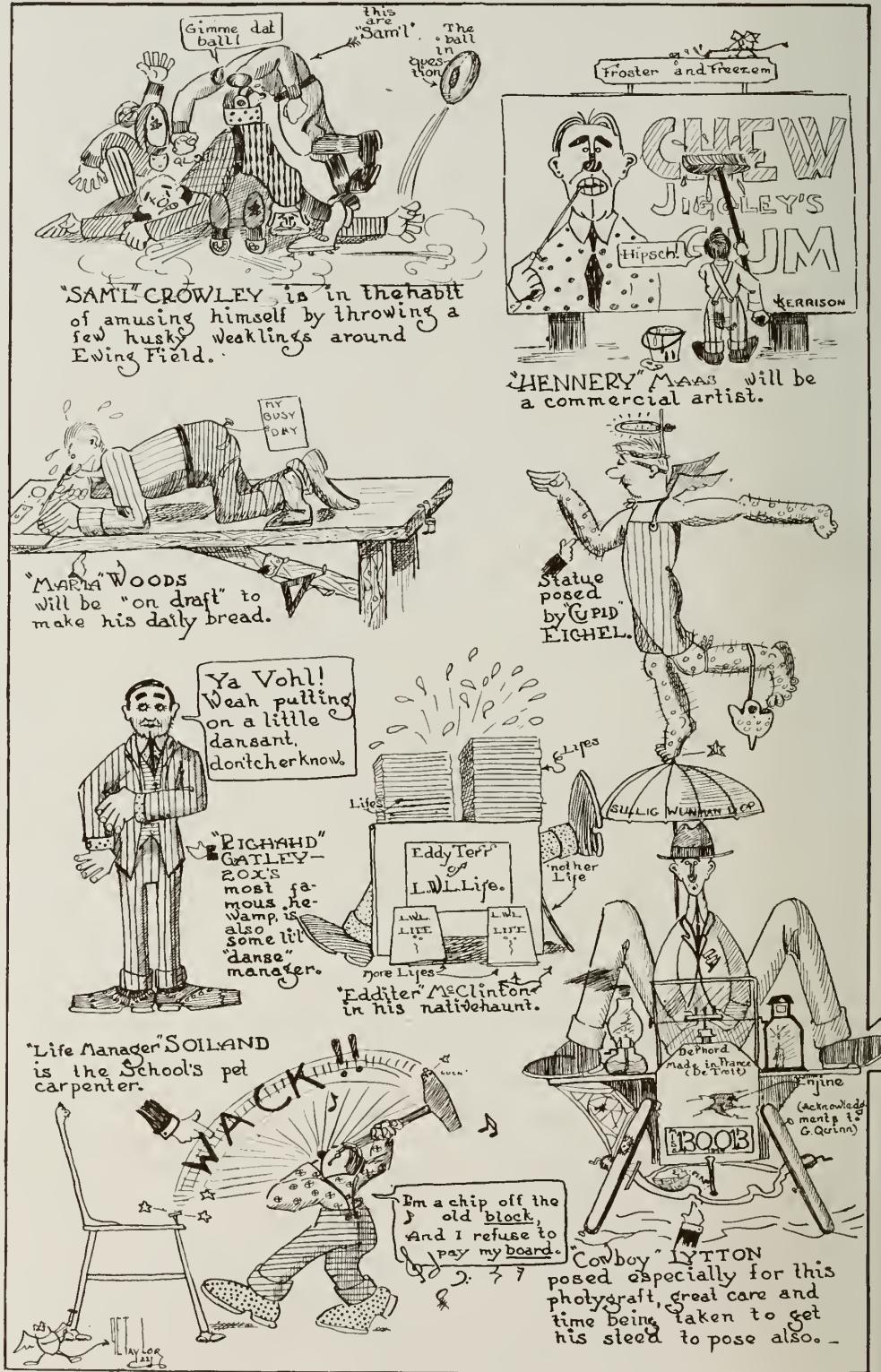
ourselves somewhat improved. When on shore leave we would talk back to insulting Seniors and, if placed in contact with "Scrubs" or "Sophs," we would shove them aside. Retracing our steps as far as the "Freshman Reception Isles" we tendered the Freshmen of '22 a reception that will long be remembered by both the crews concerned. Leaving the "Isles" we proceeded toward the port "June." Captain Litchenberg and the entire crew labored to keep the ship off "Chemistry Shoals," but all efforts were in vain. This mishap caused six members of our crew to forsake the vessel. Putting in at "June" we rested for seventy days.

Under the command of Captain Collins and First Mate Eichel, the ship made good time toward the near, but yet so far, home port.

At last we are nearing the last port. Just one more year and our journey is at an end. We are now "Seniors" of the sea and a great many things are expected of us. Soon we will be the "Flag Ship of the Fleet" on the great sea "Lick-Wilmerding," and must uphold the traditions of the powerful. Yes! We did make good. All positions entrusted to us were more carefully fulfilled and carried out.

The guidance of the ship was now placed in the hands of Captain Kelleher and First Mate Marion Woods. The roll call and only eighteen members answered. The situation looked critical. We had a big job before us with only a small crew. The eighteen decided to make their motto, "Quality, not quantity," count. Leaving harbor, after a fifteen day stay, we were more determined than ever to finish our course with an unblemished record. Sailing to the "Joyous Islands" we put in at the harbor "California Club Hall" and gave a dance, which was a great success. Again we sailed until we encountered a hurricane. Mountaineous waves dashed against the ship. At one moment we were at the crest of a gigantic wave; at the next in the bottom of a deep trough. The good ship labored its best against the storm when, suddenly, one tremendous wave dashed over the vessel, taking with it three of our best sailors. We learned afterward that a tidal wave, "Physics," had done the damage. Putting in at the next harbor we rested up and prepared for the last long part of the voyage.

Succeeding Captain Kelleher and First Mate Woods were Captain Maas and Mate Litton. The ship was put in charge of these capable men for the trip to the home port, "Graduation." The remaining thirteen were called upon to fulfill the various important positions in the fleet. We all agree that the last lap was full of enjoyment and pep. The Admiral of the Fleet, Frank Collins, arranged for dances and other enjoyable events. Ralph McClinton and Earl Soiland were called upon to put forth an issue of the "Life" of the sea of "Lick-Wilmerding." Another dreadful mishap was approaching, not only our ship, but the whole fleet. Our supply of finances for the engine was running low. The brain and brawn of the quality fifteen worked hard to get some of the precious fuel. It was decided to go to the "Highlife Isles" where we could get some finances. A dance at "Fairmont Hotel," a port on the Isles, was held on November thirteenth. It was a success because we obtained a supply of fuel. A "Bazaar" in "Lick" was also found. It proved to be a very valuable thing for we obtained from it, sufficient finances to steam straight for the home port. The days seemed



to grow shorter and the flickering lights of the approaching goal, our city, grew brighter.

I sit upon the quarter deck as the sun sinks slowly into the western sky. Looking back I can faintly discern a view of the past four years. The start, the mishaps, the pleasures, the friends. We are now experienced and can buck against a heavy sea. At the start "Lick-Wilmerding" looked vast. Now it appears to be but a mere lake compared to the larger seas of the future. We have had our training on the good ship; we have learned to love her; to respect her power and her strength. Now we go into other seas, among other crews and always our motto, the motto of Lick-Wilmerding, will ring in our ears, "Conquer-conquer-conquer."

Quoting Walt Whitman:

"Captain! My Captain,  
Our fearful trip is done."

No! In our case it has just begun. For we go out into the world to conquer—SUCCESS.

---

## Class Prophecy of Fatal Mishaps

**K**IRSHIMA, the great oriental prophet, spoke. His eyes flashed and he roared as does the thunder on a dark night. "What wouldst have of the great Kirshima? Quick! I have a date for a pink tea at the next instant."

"Ah, great and lonely," I answered, "the time has come when you must deliver to me the Prophecy of the '20 class of Lick-Wilmerding."

"Take it and begone!" With a wild gesture of displeasure and dismissal he directed the pamphlet toward my head. I caught it squarely where it was intended that I should, planted it under my arm, and walked rapidly home. I opened it and found a scroll upon which was written the following:

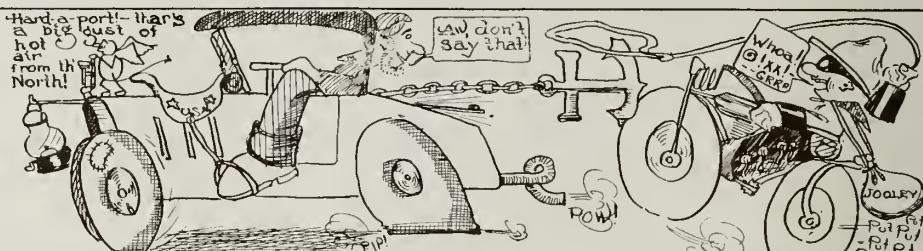
The president of your Student Body, Frank Collins, will meet an early fate. He will walk under a step ladder at the dead of night on December seventeenth. At the same time a dog will howl at the moon and a black cat will cross the path. The result—the stricken one will suddenly sit down by the wayside due to nervous congestion of the traffic of the brain.

William Beale will meet a more kindly fate. As Professor of Argumentation at Boob's College, Napa, he will die on his keeper's hands.

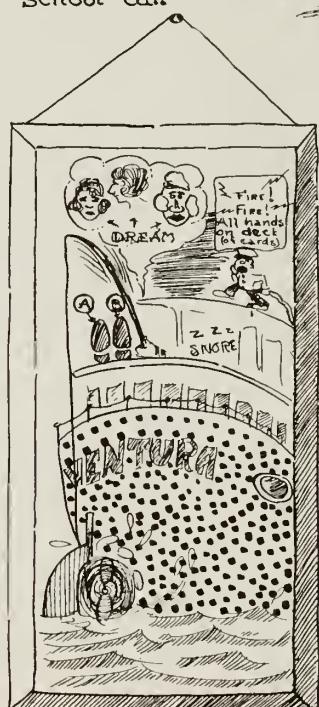
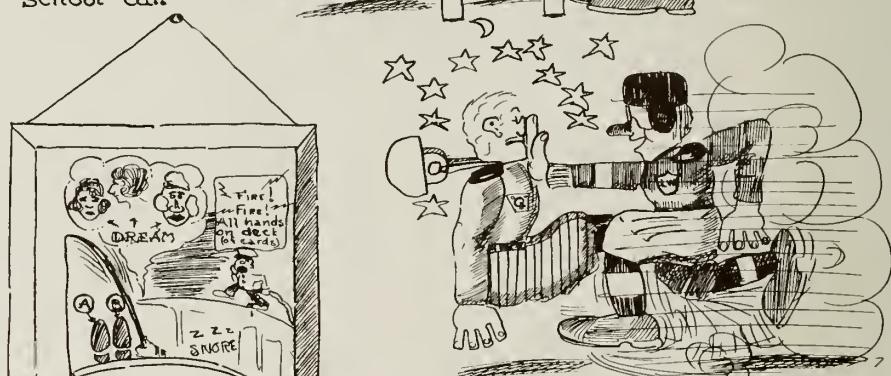
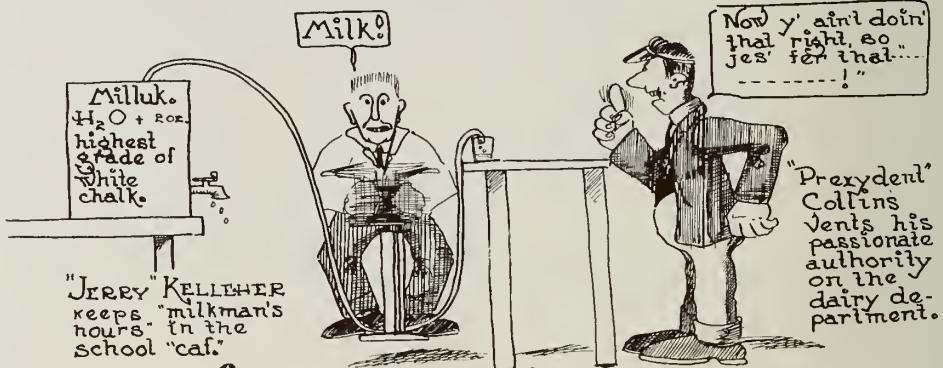
Vincent Litton, experimenter, will try to eat some electric eel hash. The parts (of the eel) after their journey thru his esophagus will unite because of magnetic attraction. The victim will die painlessly from the shock of his great discovery that a magnetic field can be created in a man's stomach.

Kelleher, as president of the "Down With the Irish League," will succumb when accused of a conspiracy to help Erin.

Koch, hunting wild Borneo "Moose," will expire when he sees snakes, cuts them in two, and then discovers that they are harmless ropes.



Great story featuring "TROMBONE" QUINN, with "Lizzie," and "Pauline" HOLMGREN. With Miss Cleveland Lightweight. — "BANG! BANG!" rang out in the still night air, and two more cutouts were opened wide.



"Bluebeard Eichel" will do the major part of his hunting in Thanksgiving Turkey.

Schmeider will sail across dry land in a boat of novel construction. It will fly on wheels. When the pilot arrives on the other side and discovers Quinn playing a trombone he will fall into the horn and suffocate. Quinn will blow up trying to dislodge Schmeider with lung pressure.

Ralph McClinton, editor of the "Poor Man's Monthly Allowance," will pass between the rollers of the press and arrive in a flat condition at the other end. Manager Soiland, of the same magazine, will take him to a gas station, and pump atmosphere into him until he becomes so full of hot air that he will explode, causing another bomb outrage.

Crowley will try to knock an elephant out in the first round. The latter will pack his trunk and send him on a long journey.

Wood, night watchman at the Three Gold Ball Jewelery Store, will be attacked by Holmgren, a polished gentleman of uncertain business. The two will recognize each other and weep happily until the water goes over their heads. Boo-Hoo.

Gatley, a dancing master of world wide reputation, will slide into eternity on a too highly polished floor.

Henry Maas, "Kid" artist at Lick, will make a sun in paint which will be so real that it will heat the earth to red hotness. The axle will, due to its swollen state, stick so that our sphere will cease to rotate. The end of the world is in sight! Unless you pay promptly to

KIRSHIMA, the August Fakizioligist.

## The Mid-Term Dance

THE big social event of this semester for Lick-Wilmerding was the big Term Dance. As well as affording pleasure to the Student Body members and their friends, the dance had a purpose; namely, to help make this issue of the "Life" possible. The '20-X Class, being very near to graduation, wished to have a December journal of which it could be proud. The budget to fit out our first American football team was very large and the money being granted by the Board of Control, left the Student Body treasury drained. Means had to be found, therefore, by which sufficient money to finance a journal could be made.

A member of each of the Senior Classes was appointed immediately as a part of the Committee of Arrangements. Richard Gatley was chosen by the '20X Class president and Henry Lehrke by the '21J. The committee men went to work determined to have success as their goal and took every opportunity to help the affair along. They visited all of the large hotels and other possible places for holding the dance and finally decided upon the Fairmont Hotel ballroom as the most satisfactory. The date was decided and all arrangements made while a Publicity Committee, consisting of Kel-leher, Schmeider and Lawrence advertised the coming event at other schools and in the papers.

The greatest obstacle in our path was the disposing of the bids. Mr. Heymann called a rally of the Senior Classes and placed the question before the students, showing them very clearly the importance of the dance. He explained that this issue of the "L-W-L Life" is the connecting link between the last issue and future issues; that upon the success of this journal depends the success of all "Lifes" of the future. We know how this issue was made a success; how the fellows responded to the eleventh hour call as if their very "Life" depended upon it and it did.

The night of November the thirteenth found all arrangements completed. The committee men had done their work well and the results were pleasing in the extreme. Good music, together with delicious punch, made the evening a very enjoyable one for all who attended. We think that only the old "Tiger Spirit" gave us a victory. It did not fail us and we are sure that with it as an ally no Lick-Wilmerding event can ever fail.

The '20X Class wishes to take this opportunity to thank the Student Body and our friends on the outside for their support and hopes that all social events of the future will be as successful as this was. Especially do we thank the '21J Classmen, who supported us to such a great extent.

The committee in charge of the affair wishes to thank Mr. Heyman, Mr. Merrill, Mr. M. G. McClinton and those who helped us at other schools for their splendid work in our behalf. Let us hope that the students of the school appreciate their aid, for without it the doom of the "Life" in the present and future would have been sealed.



# LITERARY



## To The Line

By G. LAWRENCE, '21-J

They're seven husky Tigers  
All crouching in a row,  
The work they do, to win a game,  
The grandstand doesn't know.

They're fighting ever second,  
But they never touch the ball.  
They do the work, but do they get  
The credit? Not at all.

The four men in the backfield,  
The ones that run and kick,  
They seem to be the heroes,  
They make the points for Lick.

But though they do their darndest,  
They'd never look so fine,  
If it wasn't for their teaminates—  
Seven fighters on the line!

---

## Autumn Fever

By FRITZIE SCHIRNER, '22-X

When gold and red leaves fill the air,  
My heart is light and free from care,  
I roam and wander as I will,  
Down the valley and o'er the hill,  
I follow roads that turn and twist,  
I follow brooks that ferns have kissed,  
I wander, wander everywhere,  
When gold and red leaves fill the air.

---

## Lick

By GEORGE R. PCLLITT

Lick our school beloved,  
Lick our school of fame,  
Lick our school which we adore,  
Long may she keep her name!

In our school of fighting scholars,  
We have the grit of old.  
We battle on with Tiger fire,  
For our men are brave and bold.

Can ever you find such spirit?  
Can ever you see such pluck?  
They win the fight, by work and will,  
And never rely on luck.

Keep our banner floating high!  
Keep it above us waving!  
Keep it safe; ne'er let it die.  
Tigers, keep it flying!

# Shadow Thoughts

By ALICE RANDOLPH, '23-J-B



UTSIDE the sun was setting, but in the room it was twilight, that soft, half-way time so lovely for dreams.

At the far end of the room four children sat talking together.

They had been trying to tell each other their thoughts as yet vague and unformed, but now they were quiet, in harmony with the time and place, held in that breathless waiting second that always comes sometime between sunset and the night.

As the shadows lengthened, the oldest boy rose to light two tall candles which, gleaming in silver holders, reflected the vivid colors of the room and its occupants.

Curled in the corner of a great chair, one of the girls watched the boy and as he turned from rubbing drops of wax from the flame-like scarf that lay on the table, the girl stirred and then spoke:

"I want to live—live forever; death is so frightful, like the dull darkness of the night." She shivered and as she drew her knees closer, her chin sank upon them and her eyes glowed with the unaccountable, unreadable thoughts of a growing woman.

After glancing at her thoughtfully, the boy gave his opinion, with all the arrogance of youth and pride:

"I also want to live, but most of all, I want my name to live."

A gay laugh was heard from the second girl as he finished speaking and a merry flash danced for an instant in the echoing room, dying away to leave the candles cold and bright.

Again she laughed, this time more softly.

"I shall take all the playdays I can from life and do my best to escape the disagreeable things. If I can do this I will be satisfied." Carelessly shrugging, the girl turned and demanded the second boy to tell them his idea.

The candles grew dim and the fire dulled as this boy chuckled amusedly.

"I shall live to acquire riches—and as for the rest I shall follow Folly."

Once more the candles gleamed softly and the silver threads of light from them fell over the smooth surface of the big, dark table to be met and gathered in by golden fingers from the fire. And forgetful of the deepening shadows as the smothering night crept in, Thought, Pride, Folly and the Fool sat each enmeshed in their own fancies and the warm light touched them whimsically.

\* \* \* \* \*

Many years had passed and once more the children of yesterday were talking together, but this time as older Thought, softened Pride, disillusioned Folly and a miser Fool.

The eldest rose, somewhat slowly, to light the candles in the tarnished holders. Thought again spoke first.

"I have lived and—I shall live on through my children. Death is no more frightful to me now than darkness, and that I have found to be a blessing helping to hide much of the ugly unreality in the world."

This time as she finished speaking, her cheek rested against her hand, her eyes were the eyes of one who, having questioned, had been answered.

Pride watched her lovingly for a time, and then softly said, "I also have lived and through my sons my name shall live. I am content."

His words died away and Folly, watching the fire-shadows, spoke bitterly:

"I have had my playday, but now I am afraid to die for there is no one who can help me to be remembered"—she quivered fearfully—"I have not fulfilled my heritage."

For a moment there was a pause as she sank down into her chair; then the Fool spoke in a whisper:

"I have not lived. I have made and spent money, but I have not lived. I too, am afraid to die."

The fire and candle light once more joined hands for a few moments and danced with the flickening shadows, but the deepening night soon blotted out all and nothing remained in the thick blackness, but the four intangible spirits that help to form the world.

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## The Race on Lake Oliver

By ED RICH, '23-J

**W**ELL, boys, this last turnout doesn't look very hopeful. Luck sure seems to be against us. With our star man, Davis, out of condition because of that nasty cold he caught while practicing last week, it sure looks as if victory will go to Hartwell. Our substitute here, is a good oarsman, but of course none can equal Davis. Besides substitute Jackson is not in very good condition. The doctor was a little unwilling to allow him to do anything this year on account of his heart. But undoubtedly he is the best man to take the place of Davis. Don't forget the training rules on this, the last night, because we have the hardest fight ever for tomorrow."

These remarks were made by Coach Risten of the Merritt College crew. He was addressing the varsity oarsmen. Luck was against them, as he said, but they were going to put up a hard fight.

Jackson, the substitute he mentioned, had tried hard for a place on the crew, and largely through his perseverance, and the pull of his friend Dalton, he was appointed to take Davis' place. Dalton was Jackson's roommate. He was on the crew, and besides that, he was one of the best oarsmen that Merritt had.

"Fred," said Dalton, using Jackson's first name, as they were wont to do when together, "we have the big race tomorrow, and we must win. You don't know what it will mean to this school. If you were in first rate condition, I would not doubt our victory in the least. But since your heart has gone back on you, I don't know what to think."

"Well, you know I will do my best, Ted, and if my heart holds out I think we will win."

"If you try that's all anyone can do, so stick to it."

At the conclusion of this conversation they walked on in silence until they reached their "Frat" house. Upon arrival there they went immediately to their rooms and took things easy until supper time. They ate heartily of the meal, as they had been instructed to do, and then retired to their room. They studied for the greater part of an hour, and then turned in.

The next morning they arose bright and early, but they were by no means the first ones up. The whole school was agog with the plans for the ensuing day. It was the day when two rival schools clashed for supremacy. Hartwell had defeated Merritt in track, Merritt had defeated Hartwell in football, and now the crew was to decide the supremacy.

The race was scheduled for 10:30. It was 9 o'clock before the boys had partaken of a hearty and wholesome breakfast and walked to the scene of the coming battle. The race was to be staged on the beautiful lake in the grounds of Merritt College. This lake, known as Lake Oliver, was a mile and a quarter long. It was wide enough for two boats. The course, a mile in length, was marked off in the usual quarters.

Fifteen minutes later the crew assembled in the dressing rooms for its final instructions. At exactly 10 o'clock the fellows emerged from their quarters. They were clad in blue and white jerseys and the uniform track lowers.

The lake was a beautiful sight to behold. On one side the rooters of Hartwell were seated with their banners of green and white; on the other side the rooters of Merritt, with their banners of blue and white.

As the Merritt crew stepped onto the starting barge from which the two crews were to start, a yell from the rooters one mile away faintly reached their ears. It was one of the old college yells and the fellows felt like new beings when they realized that the whole school was back of them.

Five minutes later the Hartwell crew arrived and the Hartwell rooters went through the same performance. It was then 10:25. As the time-keeper had been bidden to start taking time at exactly 10:30, it was essential that the start be made on time. Therefore the boats were launched and all was made ready for the start.

With the crack of the pistol the boats started off, gradually gaining speed. Which one was leading? Which would win? Was Hartwell losing? Was Merritt winning? All these thoughts and many more flashed through the minds of the oarsmen, and the rooters of the respective crews.

Two hundred yards from the start Merritt gained a small lead and gradually increased it until they reached the quarter. There, she seemed to leap ahead, and a triumphant roar, coming from the Merritt stand, rent the air.

At the half mile the blue and white was a half length in the lead. Ted, who was rowing opposite Fred, looked at him to see how he was getting along. He was alarmed to see the look of pain on Fred's face. Every stroke the latter took caused him to wince. Ted was forced to turn away to tend to his own business for the time being, and he forgot Fred momentarily. Gradually he noticed that the Hartwell crew was gaining on them. Then remembering Fred, he looked over to him. He was horrified to see

that his chum had fainted. He knew that it was one of the faints that only lasts a few minutes. Still, a few minutes could very easily loose this race. Ted seized the unconscious boy's oar and pulled both with might and main.

Coach Rinsey had feared something of this sort and had equipped the boat with a device that enabled Ted to use both oars.

They were not at the three-quarter yard line. Ted would have to work twice as hard for the remaining distance as he had been working for twice the distance. If he could only hold out! Hartwell was gaining and Dalton was fast losing his grit. At the two-hundred yard line he thought that he would have to give up. The encouraging yells of the rooters gave him fresh courage, and he tried to brace up. Just at this time he felt a hand on his, and turned to see Fred, white-faced, and ready. He surrendered Fred's oar to him and manfully pulled at his own.

The two boats were now nearly tied. Hartwell neither gained nor lost. Dalton knew that if they kept up at the present rate, they could win, so he pulled harder.

At the seventy-five yard line with a supreme effort he pulled himself together. Were they gaining or losing? Was Hartwell going to defeat them at this, the last minute? All of this was to be decided in the next few seconds.

The two boats were now so close that it was hard to say which one was leading. They were approaching the fifty-yard line.

Hartwell was gaining a very little, but just enough to nose Merritt out in the remaining forty-five yards.

Still Ted pulled. He felt himself weakening. He knew that he must hold out for the remaining few moments. The crews passed the twenty yard line and all was put into this final spurt. Ted's head began to whirl, and everything grew black. Still he pulled. He grew faint. Through the stillness he heard a shout of triumph. Who was it, Merritt or Hartwell? Which crew had won? In this sub-conscious state he tarried, and finally lapsed off into unconsciousness.

One hour later Ted came to. He realized he was in the rubbing-room. The school doctor was bending over him. He smiled as he opened his eyes and turned to tell the waiting students of the school that Ted Dalton had regained consciousness.

Ted's first question was, "Where is Fred?"

"Here I am," he replied, "how do you feel?"

"Oh, I am all right, how are you?"

"Fine."

"Who won the race?"

"Listen and you will know."

From out on the Campus Ted heard:

"Hail, hail our gallant Crew,  
Think, think of what they've gone through,  
They have fought with all their might,  
And at last have won the fight!  
Hail, hail, our gallant Crew."

# Caught in the Act

## A Boy's Adventure in Paris

By JAMES CHIAPPELLONE, '23-J

L-W-L  
LIFE



NE fine May morning, between five and ten years ago, a little French boot-black was standing at the entrance of Pont Neuf. This is one of the finest of the many bridges that cross the Seine between the two great divisions of Paris. These bridges are so constructed that they show a considerable degree of artistic skill. They are very long and narrow and so elevated that the river Seine is navigable.

The boy, who was between the age of six or seven years, owned a boot-black stand from which he made a living. He had attended a boarding school for some time, but eager to get out and enjoy Parisian life, he left.

The young boot-black was watching for customers, but there were none to be had yet, for it was too early. At length, finding nothing else to do, he took a piece of chalk from the one untorn pocket that he possessed, and began to sketch upon the stone parapet of the bridge.

A very strange face it was, very broad across the jaws and narrowing as it sloped upward, so that with its curious shape, and with the pointed tuft of hair that stood up from the high narrow forehead, it looked at a little distance exactly like an enormous pear. But it was plain that this was the likeness of some real man and the boy was immensely amused at it, for he chuckled to himself all the time he was working and more than once laughed outright.

Interested so completely was he in his picture, now very nearly finished, that he was unconscious of the fact that somebody else was amused with it, too.

A stout gray-haired old gentleman, very plainly dressed in a faded brown coat and shabby hat, and carrying a cotton umbrella under his arm, had come softly across the road. He had slipped up behind the unconscious artist and was looking at the pear-like face on the wall with a grin of silent amusement.

And well he might; for, strange to say, his own face was the very image of that which the boy was sketching so eagerly. The queer pear-shaped head, the large heavy features and even the sly expression of the small, half-shut eyes were alike in every point. Had the little artist not had his back turned one might have thought that he was drawing the old man's portrait from life.

But just as the boy was in the height of his abstraction and the single looker-on in the height of his enjoyment, the old gentleman happened to sneeze suddenly and the little artist turned around with a start. The moment he caught sight of the old fellow standing behind him, he uttered a faint cry of terror and staggered back against the wall, looking frightfully pale.

"The King!" muttered he, in a tone which seemed as if the words choked him.

"Himself at your service," answered the old gentleman, who was

indeed, no other than President Falleries of France. It seems that I have come up just in time to serve as a model. Go on, pray; don't let me interrupt you." The boy's first impulse was to take to his heels at once, but there was a kindly twinkle in the President's small gray eyes which gave him courage, and looking slyly from the pear-like head to the royal model, he said, "Well, your majesty, I didn't mean to make fun of you; but it is like you—isn't it now?"

"Very like me, indeed," said the President, laughingly, "and I only wish that the pears in my garden would grow half as big as that one of yours. However, I'm afraid I haven't time to stand still and be sketched just now, so I'll give you a likeness of myself." He reached into his pocket and secured a gold twenty franc piece, which was stamped with the President's head. He put this into the boy's brown hand, saying: "Take this to copy at your leisure."

A few years later, a rising young portrait-painter told his friends that the first portrait for which he was ever paid was that of the President himself, and declared that, "the old man was not such a bad fellow, after all."

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## A Snowstorm in the Rockies

By F. DeMARTINI, '22-X

**“E**T'S surely coming soon," said a voice from the doorway of the log cabin.

These were the words spoken by Paul Parker on a cold, dreary, winter day. He was standing in the doorway of a small log cabin located in the wilds of the Rocky Mountains, in the northern part of the United States.

Paul and his chum, Henry Ross, had come into the mountains from the plains below, and had built this cabin on one of the big peaks.

Their purpose in coming to this place had been to trap the fur-bearing animals of the mountains, and in this way earn enough money by selling the skins to start them on their way through college the following June.

Winter was approaching, but so far only a few slight snowfalls had come. But now on this wintry, cold morning the signs in the air all tended to show that the first big snow of the year was surely on its way. So, it was that Paul had spoken these words as he looked out on the cold and silent mountain tops.

The cabin was located in a clearing high up on the mountain side; nearby there flowed a small stream, from which the boys obtained their water supply, and which at the foot of the mountain joined the madly rushing river that flowed to the sea.

round the cabin the mountain side was covered with leafless trees and bushes, but higher up the timber line ended and the mountain top could be seen in its overcoat of snow, which turned everything white.

Paul turned from the doorway of the house shouting, "Time to get up," and he proceeded to awaken his chum by dumping him out of his bunk.

"Wh— what time is it?" asked Henry, sleepily rubbing his eyes.

"It's about six o'clock and it looks as if the snowstorm were going to come today," said Paul. "We'll have to eat our breakfast in a hurry and look over all our traps before night, as the snow will shut us in and everything will be lost that is in the traps now, so hurry up."

Their breakfast of hot coffee, flapjacks, and fried bacon was soon prepared and it disappeared rapidly as they attacked it.

Henry said, "I shall take the traps to the east over the ridge, and you take those to the west up to the big pine." As he buttoned on his mackinaw and picked up his knapsack, with his lunch and equipment, Henry shouted, "Goodbye," and throwing a snowball at Paul he started on his trail on a run.

Paul likewise made his preparations and struck up a quick pace as he started down the trail. It took quite a lot of time to bait each trap anew and to skin the animals caught, and so Paul found that it was long past noon before he reached the last of his traps.

He quickly ate his lunch, took a good rest, and then started back to the cabin. When he was about half way there, he noticed a sudden change in the air and looking about, he saw that the storm was coming.

In a short time the flakes began to fall thick and fast, soon covering the ground to quite a depth. The wind had risen by this time and its weird howling in the open spaces and the moaning and sighing of it in the trees gave Paul a rather uncanny feeling.

He turned up his collar, buckled on his snowshoes and walked as fast as he could against the storm. He reached the cabin at about eight o'clock but Henry was not there yet. Paul was not surprised at his absence for Henry, having the longer hike, was usually the last one to get in.

Meanwhile Henry had been about his traps and was still six miles from the cabin when the storm broke. He had no snowshoes, but being an optimistic sort of a fellow he shouted "I should worry," and carelessly slid down the smooth banks of snow and danced about as if he were on a pleasure trip and not six miles from the only habitation within quite a few days' journey, in a fierce snow storm.

His carelessness increased as his spirits rose and he suddenly stepped squarely into one of his traps hidden in the snow and fell headlong. A biting pain shot through his foot and when he tried to rise, he found that he could hardly stand. Henry, although a bit careless and reckless, was no coward and now he did not lie down and give up but broke a branch from a tree nearby, and with the aid of this stumbled along as best he could.

The pain increased as the foot swelled, but he fought on and smothered the desire to lie down to rest. He had been slowly, but surely advancing but his strength was failing fast.

At last when he was about a mile from the cabin, he fell from sheer exhaustion, too weak to move another step.

A sort of stupor had overcome him and he dimly wondered if his chum Paul, would look for him. Later he began to call for help as his vision cleared, but his strength was gone and his weak cries did not carry far in the falling snow.

Paul, at the cabin, had finished his supper, and then began a long, dreary vigil by the fireplace. He waited and waited until late in the night,

and then, as his chum made no appearance, and the thought of what might have happened to him continually haunted him, he slipped on his coat, took the lantern from the table and left the cabin, taking the trail that Henry had set off on in the morning.

Paul had not struggled against the storm long before he began to labor with difficulty. The cold was intense but this only made Paul hurry the more for fear that Henry was at that very moment being frozen to death in some desolated open spot.

Suddenly he heard a cry and hurrying forward nearly fell over a huddled form in the snow. In a feverish haste he dug away the banks of snow and recognized his chum Henry. Paul gave him a stimulant and rubbed his hands and face vigorously and when Henry made no sign of life he nearly gave up hope of his living through the snowstorm and reaching the cabin in safety.

Paul lifted his heavy companion to his feet and then to his shoulders and bore him slowly towards the cabin. He staggered wearily on with Henry and felt like giving up and taking a rest but his pluck and love for Henry won the day and at last he pushed open the door of their home.

But still there was no rest for Paul. He had to tend to Henry for days without resting at all himself and often so weak that it seemed as if he himself needed tending to. But his great friendship for Henry persevered and the boy was on the way to recovery.

At last Paul might rest and he slept like a dead man for the next two days. When he finally awoke, refreshed and happy, he walked over to Henry's bunk and then the two boys told each other their experiences on the day of the storm. When all had been related Paul said, "You surely were plucky to walk over four miles in that snowstorm with such a badly hurt ankle.

Henry did not reply, but the extra hard grip that he gave his chum's extended hand held a world of meaning and it added another link in their chain of friendship which was already a long one.

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## Fifty Fathoms Deep

By I. LINKS, '22-X

**T**HE United States submarine R-16 had been away three days already in search of the sunken wreck.

The boat's commander, Lieutenant Breen, was a graduate of Annapolis. He was a tall, well built man about the age of thirty-five. Although he could not be called handsome, his features were pleasant.

Breen was about ready to give up the search, and had given orders to dive beneath the surface to try once more to locate the sunken derelict. The craft plowed through the water at a slow speed, as the commander did not want to take chances of passing the wreck in the darkness which enveloped the waters.

After several hours of fruitless hunting, Breen gave orders for the boat to be brought to the surface, and he stood in the conning tower ready to throw open the hatch. He had been in this position but a few moments, when the chief engineer came running to him, his face as pale as that of a ghost.

"We are sinking," he cried, "the ballast tanks won't work."

Breen's face turned a deathly white, but he kept calm. He rushed below to the engine room. The crew stood around him, not knowing what to do, terror and anxiety written on their faces.

"Man the hand pump," he said; "My God," he added in a whisper, as he glanced at the depth indicator. It was marked one hundred.

As many men as could find room for their hands on the pump brake, put their strength, but could budge very little water out against the great pressure of the sea. They looked at Breen with doubt and fear.

"Out with the torpedoes," he said bravely. "We have a reserve buoyancy of three hundred, and we are carrying several thousand pounds of steel and gun cotton that we won't need. Disconnect the levers and unscrew the caps."

Breen's orders were carried out like lightning, for they had a meaning to these men. They prepared the torpedoes and discharged them one by one, while Breen studied the depth indicator.

"One hundred and ten," he called, "and still sinking."

At that moment a shock and shudder ran through the steel hull, then a bumping, scraping sound.

"Good," exclaimed Breen, "we've reached the bottom, one hundred and fifteen feet down. Three hundred and fifty is the crushing point."

As the torpedoes were shot out, the boat lifted her bow to an angle of twenty-five degrees. The men at the handpump quit the fruitless labor and joined the rest of the crew about Breen, looking into one another's pale faces. Only Breen was calm and cool.

"Draw lots," he said, bringing forth a box of matches from his pocket, "as to who will be first to be shot up through the torpedo tubes to the surface."

"You mean last, sir, don't you?" asked one of the crew.

"I will remain," said Breen.

At these words everyone was silent for a few moments.

"No," they cried, "We will all draw lots."

"I am commander of this boat," Breen said sternly, "I am to be obeyed."

The men saluted and awaited his orders. The disagreement being settled, Breen proceeded with his plan.

"Who goes first now?" he asked.

"I will," said one of the crew. "But isn't the pressure too great?"

"The pressure is great," Breen answered, "but you will be out of that in a flash."

"Goodbye sir, goodbye boys," the volunteer called, as he fitted his body into the torpedo tube. The man with his hand on the lever gave it a jerk.

"Well," said Breen, "that's one man free. Who's next?" he added.

Half an hour later Breen was alone, fifty fathoms beneath the sea. His face was pale, but he was brave and he did not lose heart. He looked at his watch; it was seven thirty p. m., he had been imprisoned under the sea seven hours already. Feeling tired Breen lay down in his berth; he knew not how long he slept, but on awakening he had a peculiar dizzy feeling. He knew at once what was the cause. The boat's supply of oxygen needed to be refilled. If he was to find a way of escape from the boat, he must find it quickly or he was doomed to the terrible death of suffocation. He struggled to the lever which controlled the ballast tank, and pulled with all his strength, but his efforts were in vain.

"What can be wrong?" he murmured to himself. For seeming hours he struggled at the lever; his uniform had become covered with grease and oil; his face and hands were cut and bleeding. He had torn his collar from his neck so he could breathe more freely. Tired and exhausted he lay down beside the brake. It seemed as though he had slept for hours, and when he awoke, he had a terrible headache and a peculiar feeling in his stomach.

As he tried to raise himself his hand came in contact with the gear box.

"Breen, you fool!" he cried to himself as he searched for a wrench. Trembling with excitement, Breen struggled to get the cover off the box. He caught and choked, gasping for breath in his frenzied excitement. He pulled the lid off with a jerk and looked into the box.

"I've found it," he cried like a madman, as he pulled the pieces of an iron wrench from between the teeth of the gears.

Breen jumped up and pulled at the lever. It gave way to his pull; the ballast tank was closed. With a wild yell he started the pump agoing and pulled on the lever which brought the boat to the surface. The huge hull quivered a little as if sorry to leave its resting place, and slowly began to rise. Breen struggled to the conning tower, ready to throw open the hatch as soon as the boat reached the surface.

To him it was hours before the water began to lighten showing the boat was nearing the surface. All at once the pressure on top of the hatch left. Breen threw it open with a bang raising his head and shoulders through the opening. He looked across a dark heaving sea. The air he took into his poisoned lungs cut like knives.

Unable to run the boat alone, he drifted about with the current for several days. He hung a white flag on the periscope so his boat could be seen. It was on the fifth day of his drifting that the oil tanker "Niles" heading for San Francisco, seeing the submarine with a white flag, picked up the commander.

As he stepped aboard the tanker Breen dropped on his knees and offered up a prayer to his God for fortunate escape from the perils of the sea.

On his arrival in San Francisco, Breen heard to his sorrow that only three of his crew had been saved. He reported at the naval headquarters the following day and was met at the entrance of the office by the admiral himself, who extending his hand said, "Breen, you're a man."

# A Trip to the Moon

By LOIS WILLIAMS, '22-J

L-W-L  
LIFE

**T**HE dull hum of the school room had lost all interest for me. I gazed listlessly about me and out of the window. The building, the trees and the distant hill all looked tired and dusty through the shimmering atmosphere.

My disinterested gazing suddenly took a new tone. Far away among the clouds I spied something, a mere speck in the distance, but steadily growing larger. It came nearer and nearer until I could hear the faint buzz of the motor. Larger it grew and nearer it came until, after a swoop, it settled as gracefully as a bird, just outside the window.

The next thing I knew I was climbing into an empty seat behind that of the driver as naturally as if the trip had been planned beforehand. I noticed as I stepped in that there was a large sign outside of the aeroplane reading: From San Francisco to the Moon. For some reason unknown to me, I was not the least bit startled at the prospect of such an unusual trip.

The pilot of the craft was of medium height and wore a heavy aviator's outfit. His face was one that made me look twice at him. It was long and thin with deep set eyes and shaggy eyebrows. His lips were narrow and his cheeks tanned and weather-beaten. His expression was what startled me, or rather, the absence of expression because his face wore a look of absolute blankness. I felt instantly that no matter what happened during the trip, to question him would be of no use.

After some little trouble he started the motor and we were off. There was no speedometer visible so I could not tell how fast we were going, but it was evident, that we were travelling at no inconsiderable speed. The roar of the motor, accompanied by the whistling of the wind was deafening.

I looked over the railing to see how old earth was getting since I had seen it last. It was growing more and more convex in shape and growing smaller and smaller in size. As we flew on we often passed luminous rocks which seemed to be flying in all directions. They raced past us with great speed, at times coming within alarmingly close range.

All this time the aviator sat perfectly rigid in the seat, never making a movement not absolutely necessary. If it had not been for those occasional movements I would have thought him dead or subject to some kind of a fit. The most human thing he did during the whole trip was to move his hand in the direction of our destination once to attract my attention to it.

The moon was very near now and it had very much the appearance of a huge dried apple with huge volcanos and deep valleys. The whole looked as if it was made of lava or some such substance. As we drew nearer, I felt a gradual shifting of the position of the car. Instead of going on ahead we were now swinging around it. Suddenly it became dark, a pitchy, black kind of darkness that makes you strain your eyes to see something when you know it is too dark for anything to be visible. We were on the

side of the moon never seen from the earth and that body itself was between us and the sun, cutting off all the light until we came around the other side.

I have often read of the impossibility of a trip to the moon on account of the intense coldness and the absence of air. I decided to let those scientists know, when I got back to earth again, that they were very much mistaken, for never once did I feel cold or have any trouble in breathing. While I was meditating on this subject I suddenly became aware of a great glowing ball in the distance. It was rushing toward us with startling rapidity, in fact, so rapidly that I held tightly to the sides of the car with both hands, my eyes glued to that blindingly bright ball, whose firing tongues seemed to be reaching out to grasp us in their seething arms. I waited, too frightened to yell or even move, waited for it to crash into the machine. I tried to think what would happen then, but my mind refused to picture it. On it came until its roar filled my ears and I could feel its hot breath on my cheek. Comets look beautiful from the earth but not so at a close range. Suddenly it struck us — bang!

"Are you asleep? How many times must you be called on before you will recite? This is the third time I've asked you to describe the immediate surroundings in the scene we are studying?"

## Two Feet Beneath

By R. I. HERNDON, '22-X

**T**It was in the fall of 1854 that a much belated and alkali-covered group of prospectors pitched their camp on the banks of a small stream that trickled down a shallow ravine from a neighboring spring. These gold seekers had left Hangtown for San Juan and had thus far proceeded without incident.

In the party were two young men whose friendship was bound by hardships endured through the night and day struggle over the almost endless waste of desert, traveled in search of the yellow metal.

The other members of the company were more or less friends, as a group of cosmopolitan beings are when thrown together by the winds of chance.

On the night in question, the mule owned by the boys, Walter and Allen, and used by them to pack their outfit, broke his halter soon after being staked out and wandered out in the pitch darkness and brush.

The animal was not missed until after the boys had eaten their supper when Allen started out to find him.

The other tried to persuade him from going, insisting that the mule would not wander far from camp, but the good-natured Allen gave no heed to their remonstrances, slyly remarking that he would rest better if he knew the beast of burden was safe.

Accordingly he climbed the hill in the direction of the marks left by the trailing halter and was soon out of sight and hearing.

An hour passed and Allen did not return, but it was not until the expiration of two hours that his companion began to grow a little anxious. At the end of three the belief was advanced that he had either fallen into a shaft or had been captured and killed by Indians.

Walter by this time was very restless and wanted everybody to join him in a hunt for his friend. The others would not listen to this suggestion, insisting that it would be a foolhardy adventure. However they promised when daylight came that they would not move until they had scoured the surrounding country and ascertained, if possible, the fate of the young miner.

After agreeing to this arrangement, all hands went to bed, but Walter did not sleep. Visions of the missing friend bleeding from wounds made by piercing arrows, or mangled and bruised and dying at the bottom of some deep shaft, disturbed his rest, and try as he might, he could not lose himself to the world and its troubles. As the night wore on his condition became painful, and at last unable to endure the suspense and anxiety any longer, he quietly pulled on his boots, donned his coat and started over the hill in the direction taken by his friend.

He wandered aimlessly here and there until streaks of gray began to show themselves in the eastern sky. He was about to return to camp when he was startled by a subdued cry which seemed to come from the depths of the earth. Suddenly he stopped and listened and was rewarded by another cry coming more distinctly and despairing than before.

"Allen! it is Allen!" he cried as he started eagerly in the direction from which the sounds seemed to come.

As he proceeded he heard repeated cries for help, each one though subdued being longer and more distinct than the others. Guided by the appealing tones of his comrade, and fearing that he would be too late, he frantically struggled through the maze of brush to the brink of a deep, black shaft, and looking down he saw his friend clinging desperately to a root that grew across the shaft eleven feet below the surface. Though in a critical position, he was uninjured.

In agonizing tones Allen begged his chum to try and save him as he could hold on but little longer, and, having no idea of the depth of the shaft, he was afraid to drop lest he be dashed to pieces at the bottom.

Walter could conceive of no better means of rescue than to tear his clothing into strings and make a rope by which he might pull the imperiled miner out of the shaft and to safety. Breathlessly he worked with bleeding fingers, at the same time encouraging the almost exhausted comrade to be brave and hold out but a few minutes longer, and all would be well.

"I am holding; I am holding," faintly replied the almost despairing youth, "but be quick!"

Finally when all was ready the improvised rope was lowered and the endangered comrade was cominanded to seize hold of it.

With an expression of mingled hope and despair the friend looked up and pitifully protested that he was afraid if he let go of the root with one

hand to grasp the rope, the other, being cramped and numb, could not support him and he would fall.

"But you must," insisted Walter, "it is your only hope, and you must. Be brave now and make the effort; hold on tight and I am sure I can pull you out. There now; here goes! That's it!"

Allen tried. Encouraged by his friend he made the attempt. He felt that he was hanging over the brink of eternity, and however uncertain might be the success of his effort for deliverance it must be made, so he tried.

His fears, however, were not groundless. As he loosened one hand from the root to grasp the rope, the clasp of the other slowly gave way, and realizing that after all his exertions he was going, he uttered a prayer, and dropped.

Imagine a person with a black cap over his face and the rope around his neck waiting for the trap to fall which is to launch him into eternity, and then imagine that when the trap did fall the jar awoke him and he found it was all a dream.

If you know how he would feel after such an experience you can form some idea of how Allen Rhodes felt when, by reason of his swollen arms, his cramped hands and exhausted condition, he had to let go at the moment of promised deliverance and experience the torture that he had imagined.

Suddenly he found his downward course stopped almost before it commenced. He then realized that during all the agonizing hours he had been holding to that root, with almost a death grasp, his feet had been dangling within two feet of the bottom of the shaft.

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## The White Cross

By WILLIAM BEALE, '22-X

"**E**SHOULD hardly think that he would come tonight," said Dr. Barclay, as he sat near the open fire in his cozy armchair. Without, the night was cold, dreary, and wet, but in the small parlor, the fire crackled cheerfully. Mr. Barclay was busy with the evening papers. His wife, Nancy, sat near by, plying a flashy knitting needle, while Alice, their daughter, was studying her school lessons.

"There he is," cried Alice, excitedly, as the gate banged loudly and a noise was heard along the walk.

"Sure enough, it is Uncle Ebner," said Nancy warmly, as a burly, broad-shouldered man entered the room. Mr. Barclay rose and greeted the new comer heartily.

The new arrival shook hands around, and then clumsily took a seat by the fire. He looked from the grey haired old woman to the thin, grey beard of Mr. Barclay and then to the beautiful, youthful face of Alice. The Barclay family, in turn, looked in surprise at the changed features of Ebner, the long lost sea captain.

Soon here was a merry chatter, for Uncle Ebner was an interesting old soul, filled to the brim with tales of strange and uncivilized lands. He

told of many of his adventures and exploits in India, Africa and South America, his eager listeners now and again interrupting with questions and exclamations. As the hour grew late there came a pause in the conversation. The captain rose, as if to go, then slowly taking from his pocket a small cross, peculiarly carved, he stopped, settled himself again in his chair and proceeded to tell its story.

"This had a spell put on it by an old fakir," said the captain as his withered hands nervously fingered it. "He put a spell on it so that but three men can have a wish from it. I have had mine," he said, as his face whitened and he proceeded to throw it into the fire. Another man has had his,—death."

"If you don't want it, give it to me," said Mr. Barclay as he quickly snatched it from the flames of the fire.

"I won't," firmly said the captain. "I threw it away. If you keep it don't blame me for what happens."

Mr. Barclay took the cross and was about to wish, when the captain, with a look of alarm warned him again.

"If you must wish," he said, "wish for something sensible."

It was not long before the captain left. The Barclay family did not have faith in the stories they had heard, but they wished to test the cross.

"Wish for some money," suggested Alice. As the little daughter was a favorite, this wish was granted.

"I wish for one thousand dollars," said the old man nervously.

There was a crash. The cross fell to the floor.

"It moved," he cried, with a feeling of horror as he looked at the white object startlingly outlined against the dark floor.

"It must have been your imagination," said Nancy, regarding him anxiously.

"There's no harm done, but it gave me a shock all the same," he said as he picked it up.

The family soon retired, all but Mr. Barclay, who sat by the slowly dying fire. A strange spell came over him. He fancied that he saw horrible faces in the fire and they seemed to mock him. Then queer ugly creatures appeared which now assumed one grotesque shape and then another. They became so vivid that he put out the blaze on the hearth and, as a cold shiver and sweat came over him, he retired.

A very restless night was spent by the family. Alice was sent to school as usual and Mr. and Mrs. Barclay began to work about the little home.

It was nearing the noon hour when Mrs. Barclay, who was preparing lunch, was called from her duties by a stranger who seemed very ill at ease. She waited patiently for him to touch upon his business.

"I'm sorry," began the visitor.

"Has anything happened to Alice?" cried the little mother, jumping immediately at a conclusion.

"Is she hurt?" demanded Mr. Barclay.

The visitor bowed in assent. "She was killed by an automobile while on her way from school," he said in a low voice.

Mr. Barclay caught his wife in his arms.

They both stared out of the window with glassy eyes. The aged mother's face was as white as her hair.

The stranger went on with his story. He stated that he was sent to settle the case.

Mr. Barclay could not speak. His parched lips could utter no sound.

"Here is one thousand dollars," said the stranger taking it from an inside pocket of a large wallet.

The old man stretched out his hand like a blind man, staggered, and dropped, a lifeless heap to the floor.

---

## Never Again

By J. ROBERTSON, '21-J

**N**ES sir, Henry Brown was my best friend in Prospect. I do not think anybody knows just how long he has been postmaster, but he has held the post as far back as I can remember and I have been here fifteen years.

How did I come to know him? Well, I helped him once when he was in difficulties with the government; it does not matter how. We have been friends ever since.

How did we come to go to Chicago? Well you see it was this way. One day Henry called me into his dingy little office, cluttered up with old papers and mail sacks.

"John," he said, "I'm worried."

"What about?" I asked him. "Has the government told you to stop reading private mail again?"

"No, it is not that," he said. "It is something outside my line of business."

"Well, why call me?" I asked, but ignoring me as most people do, he took a post card from one of the boxes and handed it to me. It was addressed to Henry Martin. The post-mark showed it had been mailed from Chicago. On the other side was written:

"Dear husband:—

My cough is much worse. The doctor will not call much more if I do not pay him and I have hardly any money. The rent is much overdue. Please send me some money.

?

With love, Mary."

"Well, it seems to me it is a pretty private sort of a letter," I said. "Why show it to me?"

"But look at the date," said Henry.

It was over two months old. He handed me a second postal that was only two weeks old. It read:

"Dear husband:—

The doctor says I can not live much longer. My cough is worse. The landlord wants to know your address. I need money badly. Mary."

"This fellow Martin has never shown up at the post office at all," said Henry.

"Why worry?" I said, "a hundred letters of this kind must go through your hands every day. You might as well worry over all of them as this one."

"But it is so darn pitiful," he said. With that he handed me a third postal to read. It was five days old. It read:

"Dear husband:—

Today the doctor told me he would not call again if I did not pay his bill. How can I do that without money? I am not able to work any now on account of my cough. PLEASE send me some money. I may have to leave these rooms any day now; so address me General Delivery. Mary."

Doggone that Henry Brown! Here I had been as happy as the often mentioned little lark and he had to go and get me all worked up over a woman neither of us had ever seen. At last I said:

"Henry, I have two hundred dollars in the bank, that I think we might send her." Henry added a hundred to my two hundred and we sent the letter off that afternoon. In it we said that Martin was sick and could not write and that he had told us to write and send three hundred dollars.

A few days later I went to see Henry again. He showed me another postal that made me feel very glad we had sent the money to her.

He told me he was going East soon and would stop off in Chicago for a while. I went home to the ranch that night thinking pretty hard and, when the boss asked me if I would like to take some cattle to the stock yards in Chicago, like a darned fool I accepted. Henry and I decided to meet at the General Delivery post office in Chicago. Five days later we met. As we did not know the lady's address one of us had to keep watch at the M-O window to see who would ask for her mail. We must have heard thousands of people ask for mail but not one asked for Mrs. Martin's. At the end of three days we were pretty tired. We decided to try just once more. We both stayed on guard the next day.

I was the first to hear it. A gent came in and asked for Mrs. Martin's mail. He was very well dressed, fine necktie, new clothes and shoes, and a soft pearl grey felt hat. We did not like to ask him right out about Mrs. Martin so we followed him to see where he would go. He took a car that ran to the suburbs and got off at North Hyde street. He must have noticed that we were following him as he kept looking backwards at us. He walked about three blocks and turned into a saloon. We followed. It was a combination saloon and pool parlor, one of the toughest looking places I had ever seen. When we came in the man had just ordered a drink.

"Excuse me," said Henry, "but do you know where Mrs. Martin lives?" The man turned quickly and looked at us.

"We heard you ask for her mail," Henry goes on, "and we thought maybe you would know where we could find her."

"Where are you two hicks from?" asked the man after looking us over.

"I am post-master at Prospect, Wyoming," said Henry, "and this is my pal."

"Have a drink," said the stranger. We accepted.

"Why do you want to see Mrs. Martin?" he continued.

"Why, we—we just want to see her about her husband."

"How did you know she had a husband?" continued the man.

"You see she wrote him some post cards and we—"

"So you read her mail, did you? You being post-master?"

"Yes I did," said Henry, "if it is any of your business." Here the stranger started laughing, but we could not see the joke.

"Have another drink, you are paying for it, you know."

"Who, me?" said Henry.

"Sure," said the stranger, handing the bartender a twenty dollar bill.

"You see I am Mary Martin. Martin who is a pal of mine, went to Prospect, as cops were too thick around here. Those cards were only code messages. I do not mind telling you two country hicks about it. 'I am worse,' means for him to lie low. 'I am better,' means for him to come back. 'I need money,' means the cops are hunting us and so on."

"Then there was no sick woman or nothing?" said Henry, sort of dazed.

"No, only me," said the slick guy with a grin. "Thanks for the three hundred dollars."

"But it is our money," I gasped.

"Sure it was your money, but you gave it to me. I did not ask for it. You had no right to read those post cards and I would keep still about it if I were you."

I was just in time to grab Henry's hand when I saw it go towards his gun pocket. But there was no need as the stranger had vanished and, with him, our three hundred dollars, or what was left of it.

That is why Henry never reads any other person's mail, and why I can not stand looking at a post card any more.

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## The Man Who Came Back

By EDGAR CERF, '23-J

**B**EMENTLEMEN, the speaker of the afternoon is Mr. Edward Block, a man whom I know is near and dear to every one of you,—Mr. Block."

There arose from the speaker's table a tall, well-built man of about forty. He had a twinkle in his eye, and a smile spread over his face.

He walked to the table and began: "Mr. President and members of the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco, tonight we are on the eve of a discovery, which is going to bring the glory and light of civilization into the darkened slums of this city.

"I assure you that by sunrise tomorrow the group of thieves who are operating in Chinatown will be behind the—" Suddenly, he stopped speaking, his mouth opened, his face turned a ghastly white, his knees quivered and he fell over—dead!

The audience rose to their feet horror-stricken, with fear in their eyes.

"He's dead! Get a doctor!"

"Send for the police! Quick! Quick!"

Every one was awakened to his senses by now and tried to make himself as useful as possible; by this time a doctor was found and after a second glance at the victim he said, "The man is dead. It is undoubtedly a case of plant poisoning. Death is almost instantaneous once the poison reaches the vital organs."

Accordingly a coroner was summoned, along with detective Ambrose Decicer, a leading member of the police force.

They proceeded to go ahead with their work in a very business like manner. Finally the detective spoke up, "Mr. Dunne, as you are president of the club, I feel it my duty to read to you the note, pinned in Block's pocket."

'If you do not stop infringing on our rights immediately, you shall be dead within 24 hours.' Signed J. C.'

"It certainly does appear that Edward Block's death was not a case of accidental poisoning but a purposely perpetrated crime," replied Dunne.

The body was then removed to the morgue and the meeting adjourned.

The papers were full of it, "Edward Block, prominent San Francisco financier, murdered! Work of Chinamen feared."

Two days had passed but no word of the murderer. A final autopsy was taken which confirmed the doctor's statement, the poison being Amo-nita cibarius, a plant belonging to the mushroom group.

However, Detective Decicer had been doing some strenuous hustling and had decided to call a little meeting in his office that night.

Accordingly at eight o'clock that night three men were seated around a table in the detective's office, as silent as pall bearers before a funeral.

Decicer broke the silence. "Coroner Jamison, Jasper Clauser, I have brought you together tonight to solve the greatest mystery I have ever encountered; two days ago Edward Block died from poisoning administered by some vagabond—and—you are the man, Jasper Clausen!"

"Do you mean to say that I am a murderer! I swear by all that is holy that I am innocent," cried Clausen.

"I mean that you—my God look." The two men whirled in their chairs and there standing in the doorway was Edward Block!

Clausen's expression turned from one of astonishment to a look of joy.

The shock was too much for poor Jamison. He swayed to and fro and collapsed into the seat a nervous but conscious wreck.

"Don't kill me, Block, don't! I didn't intend to kill you!" cried Decicer.

"Well, I'm not dead, am I, you crook!"

Coroner Jamison now spoke up: "It can't be possible. Why, two hours ago Edward Block was lying cold and white on the marble slab and now the dead has returned.

"It might seem impossible, but if you will have a seat I will tell you my story, I was feeling alright up to the time I was speaking at the club. Suddenly I felt a chill run up my spine, a dizzy feeling quickly came over me, I could no longer speak, and then every thing grew black and I knew no more!"

However, I was not dead but in a state of suspended animation caused by Amonita citarius when taken in small quantities. A larger dose, however, would produce death.

When I awoke I found myself in the morgue and after rumaging for some clothes I managed to leave the place unseen. From there I went to Doctor Henderson who has explained every thing to me."

At this point he stopped to pull a revolver from his pocket. Then continuing he said, "Decicer with the aid of your able assistant, Coroner Jamison, you have endeavored to commit a third murder by trying to convict an innocent man, Jasper Clausen! You have put a note in my pocket signed J. C. I have already identified the handwriting as belonging to the famous detective, Ambrose Decicer.

You have been running Chinatown for the past ten years and as it would break your heart to part with the slums, you thought you'd get rid of me and have clean sailing for another ten years.

"Jamison will also soon be safe, in jail where he won't have any opportunity to make any more false autopsies.

"Now step lively or this little gun of mine might go off."

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## Mistaken Identity

By F. J. DALY, '23-J

McKerring heard a sound. He knew that it was not the falling of snow from the low hanging spruce boughs, nor the crunch of an animal's paw or hoof. He knew that it was human, and that it made him shiver.

He did not move, for something told him that to move hastily was to meet sudden danger. He was bending low over the birch-bark fire, arranging pieces of wood over the crackling flames. When he straightened himself, he did so slowly and with a careless and cheery whistle, his hand resting as if by accident on the butt of his big service revolver.

It was as he had expected. A man on snow-shoes stood looking at him half a dozen paces away. The stranger's hand also rested upon the butt of the revolver which swung in a holster at his side.

He smiled and nodded. McKerring knew the man could have spoken his name. There were but two white men in that wild and desolate region of snow and wilderness: himself, Dan McKerring of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, and this other man, Scotty Grimshawe, the murderer, whose trail had baffled him until a few hours before.

For a moment both men stood with their hands on their guns. McKerring saw that he had the advantage of the situation. Scotty Grimshawe did not know who he was, but McKerring knew Scotty.

Suddenly he raised his hand from his pistol holster and held it out to McKerring.

"Who in thunder are you?" McKerring asked.

"Thompson from the post up at Fort O'God," he said. "Who are you?"

"McKerring," he replied, "I'm mapping out a timber-line for the government."

Scotty then kicked off his snow-shoes and removed the pack from his shoulders. After he sat down by the fire McKerring asked him if he was hungry.

"Starving," he replied quietly and smiling, "I haven't had a mouthful of grub in three days and two nights, and when you're fighting storms, an' this cold—"

He stopped with an ugly cough. In an instant McKerring had him by the arm.

McKerring was young in the service. He was ambitious. The word had gone out that the capture of Scotty Grimshawe, the murderer, would mean a sergeantcy for the lucky man who brought him in, and fifteen hundred dollars in cold cash.

As Grimshawe dropped down before the fire to eat, McKerring noticed that he carelessly swung his pistol holster around in front of him, so that it was easy to reach.

"Three days without grub is a long time—up here," said McKerring, "What's the matter?"

"Lost my compass, and have missed my trail ever since," replied Scotty. "That was twelve or fifteen days ago."

Suddenly McKerring reached halfway across the narrow space that separated them.

"That's a curious carving on your gun," he said, "would you mind letting me look at it?"

"Sure!" he said.

As he held it out to McKerring, he slipped his left hand into his pocket. Scarcely had McKerring taken the weapon when Grimshawe's hand reappeared with a murderous looking little Savage automatic.

"But this is a still queerer one," he added. "Ten shots as quick as lightning."

After finishing supper, McKerring unbuckled his pistol belt and threw the weapon on the blankets in the tent.

"These things are uncomfortable," Scotty said, and threw both of his weapons into the tent.

McKerring then threw some logs on the fire and suggested that they go to bed.

McKerring went into the tent, arranged the blankets and hung the revolvers on the tent cord. He began undressing and Scotty followed suit. In an hour both were asleep side by side—the murderer and the man-hunter.

McKerring's last thoughts were, that he would do his duty, by arresting Scotty Grimshawe, the man-killer.

He awoke, shivering. The fire was out. He remembered Scotty and put out a groping hand.

The other half of the bed was empty! He then moved toward the door, rose cautiously and felt for the hanging weapons. His own gun was all that remained.

He listened for a long time and hearing nothing, went outside and started the fire again, laughing a little, to think that Scotty Grimshawe, the murderer, had given him the slip.

It wasn't until the fire burned more brightly, that he noticed a folded paper tacked to the tent flop. It was Scotty Grimshawe's farewell note. It read:

"I've weakened at the last moment, old man. I've been on your trail for a long time, but when I came in starving and half frozen and you treated me so well, I couldn't do what I had planned to do. I've taken half of your grub, but you're getting off cheap at that. Write to me some day. I knew you were Scotty Grimshawe from the beginning; but I can't take you in. Good bye.

Sergeant W. McRaine,  
Royal Northwest Mounted Police  
N. Division, Fullerton Point."

Dan McKerring read and reread the note. Then he laughed.

With the light of day he was prepared to take up, once more, the trail of Scotty Grimshawe, murderer.

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## The Sandstorm

By H. COLLINS, '24-J

THE whole earth and sky seemed darkened and silenced with an oppressive stillness. The very silence could be heard by its intensity. There was a faint trace of sultry heat that chilled the brow with clammy sweat. A faint rumble could be heard in the distance. It sounded like the growl of a distant monster. Suddenly all was still!

Then with a piercing, rending shriek the storm was upon me. It seemed possessed of the strength of a thousand furies. It beat me to my knees, choked me, filled my ears and mouth with sand. The desert was shifting under my feet. I rose to run and it sought with eager fingers to draw me down. The wind rushed by with a shriek that was like the laughter of a demon.

I broke from the treacherous sand and ran. What had been but a few hours before white gentle slopes of sand became treacherous pitfalls into which I was nearly thrown by the wind. Weird shapes seemed to linger at my elbow urging me on to destruction. A yell, half laugh, half groan sounded at my side like the last shriek of a lost soul. The marrow froze in my bones. I was as turned to stone, afraid to move, yet fearing still more to remain where I was. With an effort I broke from under the spell in which I was held, and plunged again into the storm.

Haltingly, I dodged the pits of moving, squirming sand, driven on by my fear of what lay behind, yet each step an agony of fear, over that which I imagined in my distorted mind, would lie in front. Although I did not realize it my hair was turning white. I was aging years in that one night of horror!

My breaths were coming in slow painful gasps. I was strangling; the sand was filling my lungs. I was being beaten to my knees. Again with startling clearness sounded that hollow cackle. Realizing that the spirit of the storm was seeking to draw its victim down, with one tremendous effort I gathered my last remaining shreds of strength and plunged again into the turmoil which was seeking to kill me as it had thousands of others. Foiled for the moment it roared louder and grew stronger in its anger.

Slowly life was being beaten out of my body. First I sank to my knees; then fell forward on my face. The sand drifted half over me. No longer breathing, my eyes were glazing in death, when with a last disappointed roar and a blast stronger than any given before the wind ceased to blow, the sand rapidly settled and things slowly came back to their normal state.

No longer buffeted by the gale, I managed to get a drink from the flask which hung by my side. Then rising I succeeded in traveling the weary miles back to civilization. But even to this day at the memory of that horrible demoniacal laugh in the desert I am stricken with fear, for the desert leaves its mark on its victim.

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## The Tomboy

By A. ALITYE, '22-J

“**M**Y goodness, Mrs. Hall, isn’t she the worst tomboy you ever saw? I imagine you find her an awful nuisance.”

“Who do you mean, my dear Agatha?” asked the astonished Mrs. Hall.

“Why the girl that you’ve adopted, of course. Giving peppermint suckers to my baby and teaching my Jimmy to swim in his best Sunday suit, his best one, mind you! And in a tubful of dirty rain water at that. Do you know what I caught her trying to do in the cellar this morning? To smoke!”

“I must speak to her about it,” answered Mrs. Hall.

“Speak to her! As if speaking will do any good. A good, sound whipping is what she needs,” came from the ever generous Agatha. “Well, I must leave, my dear. And do come and see a body once in a while.”

With a sigh of relief Mrs. Hall watched the lady strutting across the yard, calling her son.

What Mrs. Brown saw when she arrived is worth mentioning. The scene held her speechless, and this was extraordinary in the case of Mrs. Brown. She heard a girl’s shrill tones, “Look out Jimmy, I’m going to throw it!” But little Jimmy dodged at the wrong time and found an unpleasant, (over) ripe tomato on and over his countenance and clean suit. He let out a screech that would put the cannons to shame. His mother made a lightning-like dash and caught up her precious offspring.

“Oh, that horrible! nasty! frightful! tomboy of a creature again!” Mrs. Brown cried as a mop of curly, black hair, with a freckled, laughing face peeked over the fence.

"Yes, laugh, just look at what you've done," screamed the indignant Mrs. Brown. And she dragged little Jimmy into the house, too angry to say another word.

Several days passed with unusual quiet from Peg. The circus was coming to town and if she were good Mrs. Hall was going to take her. Peg sat on the back door step whistling a funeral march when suddenly she discovered that she was hungry. She ran into the kitchen for something to eat and found two appetizing cakes on the window sill with two coats of frosting beckoning to her. One dash and she had licked off the frosting and had tackled the spongy mass. When Peg was through, there was precious little left but ruins. That week the "Women's Sewing Circle" was minus a portion of refreshments, and Peg said, "Goodbye to the circus."

When the eventful day arrived, Peg sat on the doorstep watching the people dressed in their best, setting out for the circus. There was Jimmy, and Mr. and Mrs. Brown getting into their shiny, new Ford. Jimmy made a face at her. Poor Peg! Even the sun seemed to mock her.

The minutes trickled away by degrees. Half an hour had passed, which seemed an eternity to Peg. She was still sitting on the doorstep with a face that foretold the ends of the world. Peg could hear the drums beating noisely and the merry shouts caused her to stuff her ears with her fingers.

She felt something wet on her hand. It was a tear! "Oh! gee, what a nut I am," she scornfully exclaimed with an angry toss of her curly head, and ran to the back yard.

Everything seemed quiet and peaceful. Everyone seemed happy, but herself. Even the birds were trilling out notes that were full of joy. And now and then Peg could hear the faint droning of the bees.

"Will the day ever end?" thought Peg. But what was that she saw? It was smoke! Smoke that seemed to appear from nowhere. In a flash Peg realized that the Brown's house was afire.

Before she could stir, she heard a tearful voice calling, "mamma, mamma." It was the baby! She flew to the door and knocked with all her might, hoping to arouse the hired girl. But she received no answer. She looked distractedly about. No one was in sight! She called. But no one answered. Then, she remembered that the whole town was at the circus.

"Mamma, mamma," cried the terrified little voice again. Peg could stand it no longer. She scrambled up the apple tree and in an instant she made the top. But it did not reach to the second story window. She could not make it! Her second thought was to run and call for aid. But the pitiful voice urged her forward.

She saw a narrow ledge projecting from the bricks of the house. She placed her foot cautiously on it and with her free hand she gripped the sill of the window. An unseen power seemed to rob her of her strength. Her whole body ached, and her foot wavered on the dangerous ridge. She made one last, supreme effort and swung herself around, placing her other trembling hand on the sill. She had reached her goal and won!

"Fire! Fire! The Brown's house is burning and the baby's asleep on the second story," shouted one of the men.

A large crowd had collected in front of the house. Mr. and Mrs. Brown had made their appearance and at the sight of the smoke and the blazing house, Mrs. Brown had swooned in the arms of her stout husband.

"Look!" came from those hundreds of anxious voices. There was Peg, the tomboy, standing at the blazing window with the baby. In an instant she had disappeared. Some one spied her in the back window. She was making for the trellis.

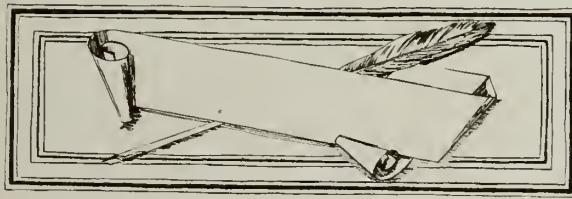
The fire engines had arrived. Peg was standing in the open window with the baby wrapped in a comforter. She felt herself weakening. She could not make the trellis! The smoke was blinding her and taking away every bit of her remaining breath. With what little strength and breath she had left Peg threw the precious load into the net held by the waiting firemen below. Peg heard a shout. She wheeled dizzily about and drifted into unconsciousness.

When she came back from the shadows of death she could not see. She felt her eyes. A bandage was around them. Peg pulled it away. But still it was dark. She was blind! It was so hard to realize it. Blind! A cool hand tenderly touched her aching head. "Oh! I'm blind! Am I blind? Mrs. Hall?"

"No, little daughter, you are going to see. God will not forsake those who are unselfish. And it shall be 'mother' hereafter, dear, not Mrs. Hall."

With a stifled sob, Peg threw her arms around her new mother, the reward for her bravery.

It was summer and circus time again. This time the Brown's car stood outside of the Hall's home. A happy girl with bright, expectant eyes and a heart that sang, sat in the front seat. With a jolt the Ford went off with a rusty groan. God had not forsaken the brave. Peg was going to see the circus.



*AT a Banquet and  
final meeting, the  
members of the Class of  
Christmas, nineteen hun-  
dred twenty, decided to  
extend their hearty appre-  
ciation to the Faculty for  
its help during the past  
four years.*







# The L-W-L Life

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## It Was a Battle to Issue the Last "Life," But—

**I**T was a great battle which we fought to issue this one. At the beginning of the present term the Editor discovered one or two slight walls which had to be surmounted before we could continue our journey. Then the Manager discovered the same thing. It seemed to have grown. When we attempted to go "over the top" the barrier rose higher and higher until it assumed the proportions and the aspect of a very rocky, steep and high mountain, which we could not go over with our limited finances. Two dollars and seventeen cents! Yes, we would actually obtain that vast amount from the Student Body treasury, but it would not quite carry us to the top. How to obtain the rest? Ah! That was the question. Cafeteria, Lux, Mr. Merrill, Dance, Bazaar, and the balloon came down, or—rather, we went up, for we bought us a little airplane and flew over that terrible oppressive mountain.

We fought for a December issue of the "L. W. L. Life" against great odds. The battle ended on the night of the Bazaar, December third. We were the winners

Quoting from the last "Life,"—"Prices have soared sky high." All of which brings us back to the little airplane. The way we caught and fixed those prices was to fly just as high as they flew. And we conquered in the end.

Our book is small and you will probably be able to pick it to pieces as you would a small bird tenderly cooked. The stuffing is, we think, very satisfactory and we hope that you will enjoy it and appreciate its merits all the more because of the thought that until the Bazaar was a sure success you had grave danger of not even bagging a small bird for supper.

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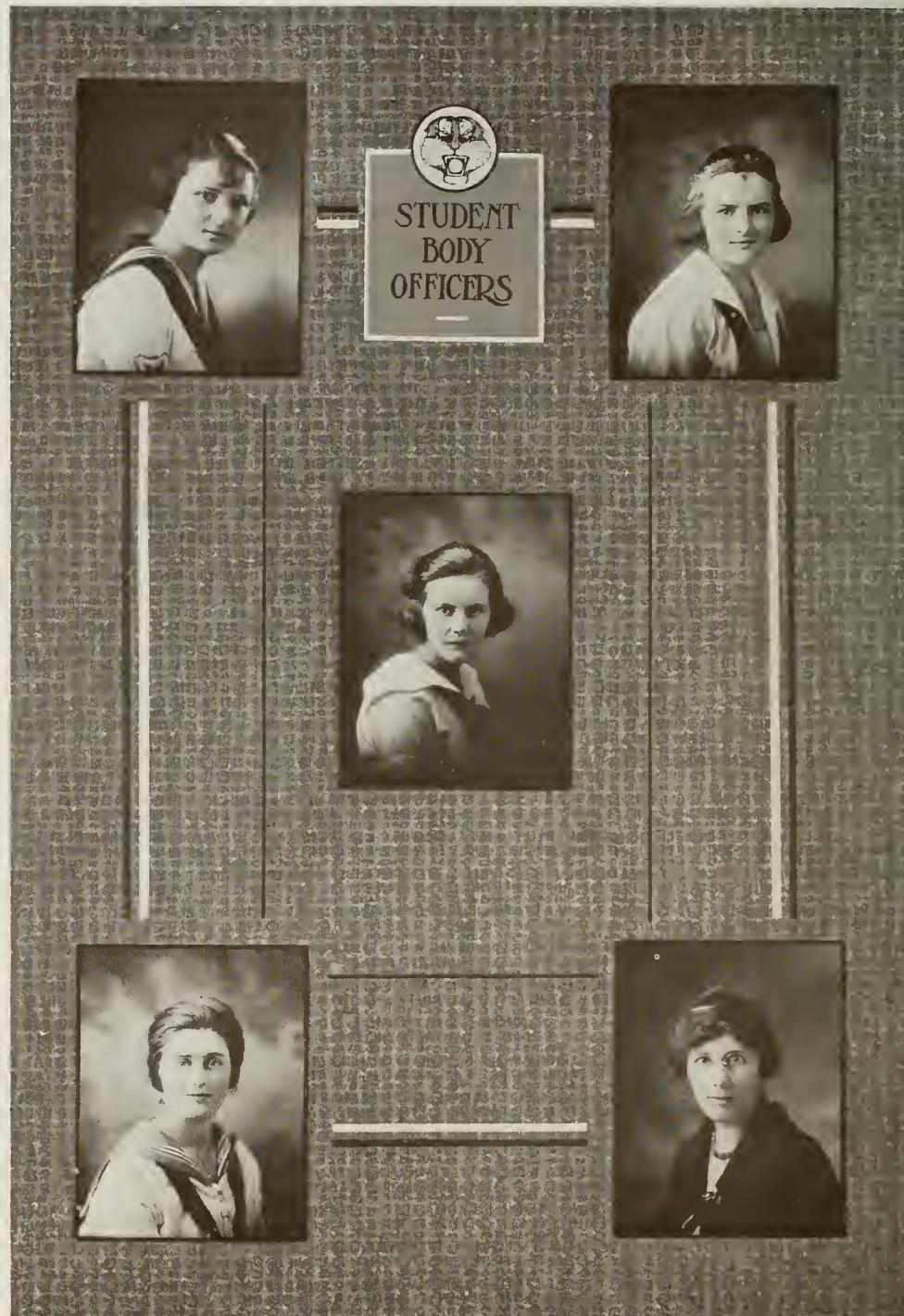
## The Wonder Spirit and the Bazaar

**D**ID you ever think how clearly the old "Tiger Spirit" and the Bazaar, which was so successful, are interwoven? No Bazaar, no "Life." That was the ultimatum. It was the same as saying, no money, no "Life. We appealed our case to the highest court; we appealed it directly to you. We told you of our troubles, of the only remedy, money. And when we suggested a Bazaar, you all responded nobly; all of you came to our defense and made a sweeping victory for our forces.

If the Bazaar did nothing more than bring the old spirit back to normal, we think that it paid. Those who have been here the past four years have seen the strength slowly disappearing from the body of that greatest of all forces, the school spirit. They have seen it slowly take to the death bed; have seen its case pronounced hopeless and then—presto! It lives! It prospers! It grows stronger than ever before. The age of miracles has not yet passed.



# SCHOOL ACTIVITIES



# Lux Student Body President's Report

L-W-L  
LIFE



N August fourth, nineteen-twenty, all of the girls, including the newcomers, came to Lux happy in spirit from the long vacation and ready to start business from the beginning. A Student Body meeting was held in the lecture room and the Freshmen girls were greeted by Miss Otto, who explained their courses of study to them. I welcomed them and their temporary class officers. Thus did we start them on the road to success, the road which takes four years to travel from start to finish.

The first rally took place on August eighteenth in the second corridor. Its main purpose was to welcome the Freshmen, and to show them what clubs and athletics they could go in for. A great deal of enthusiasm was shown by the various classes and a stunt, "The Marriage of Mr. Student Body to Miss Freshman," was cleverly staged by the Seniors. It proved a great source of amusement and gave the newcomers a more substantial and homelike feeling.

The second meeting, a joint rally, held on the roof, was presided over by President Collins of the Lick-Wilmerding Student Body. The purpose was to announce the football game between Lick-Wilmerding and Mt. Tamalpais. Miss Otto said a few words urging the students to support the team and I, as president of the Lux Student Body, promised the loyal support of the Lux Student Body, promised the loyal support of the girls to the team. The number of tickets sold and the large attendance at that game by Lux showed that my promise was indeed on behalf of the whole of Lux.

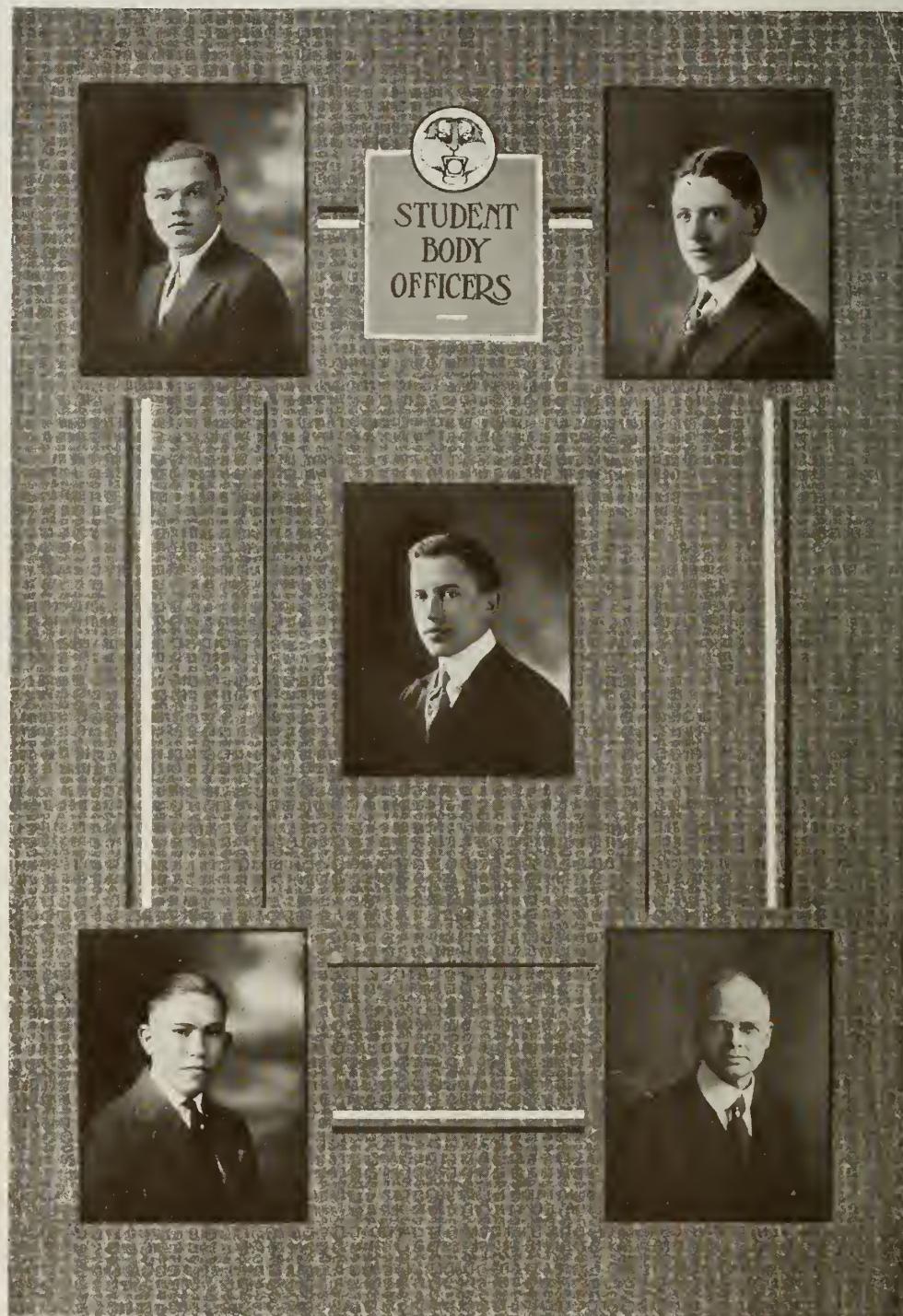
A Student Body meeting, held on September twenty-third, in which Captain Johnson and Manager Lawrence of the football team gave an interesting and very clear explanation of American football, was an absolute success. The description was rendered so well that all of the girls could readily understand it. On behalf of the students I sincerely thank Captain Johnson and Manager Lawrence for their kind explanation of the game.

The next rally was held in the Lux corridor on the twenty-ninth of September, its purpose being to urge the girls to support the various activi-stunt. Much spirit was shown and the girls responded nobly to the call.

Other rallies similar to these mentioned were held, the last one being a joint rally for the support of the Bazaar and of the Football team in the Berkeley vs. Lick Wilmerding game. We know that the girls supported the Bazaar and the team to their utmost.

I hope that the coming semester will be as successful as the past and that the students continue to have the wonderful spirit which they have shown during the last term. I, being president of our Student Body, will foster that spirit and I have no doubt that the coming term will be even more successful than the past. Let us all look to the future and determine to make every moment count.

Louise Valci, President.



# L-W Student Body President's Report

L-W-L  
LIFE

**T**HE time has now arrived when, as president of the Lick Wilmerding Student Body, I must leave that office with its pleasures and its trials to another. The thought of leaving brings back old memories of pleasures and of difficulties that have occurred during the four years I have been a student of the school closest to my heart, Lick Wilmerding!

In the past six months I have watched closely a spirit which is ever growing; a spirit of self denial, of loyalty, and of conscientious endeavor; a spirit which has been reported as dead, as no longer existing.

Those who have believed that the "Tiger Spirit," our "Great Spirit," is buried under the turf have been proven wrong.

That never say die spirit is here; it is a living palpitating thing which shall never be but a memory; which shall be kept alive always for it is the backbone of the Lick Wilmerding Student Body.

To build up and foster this spirit one thing was absolutely necessary and that was the concentrated effort of the students in carrying out some great enterprise. Witness the support given to the Bazaar by every member of the three schools. Think with pride of the fact that you have made a financial bulwark behind which this "Life" and future issues are protected.

You have proven what you can do by the record which you have made. You have fought and you have won the battle against the menace which the Student Body has had to face during the last six months. Are you not proud of this overwhelming victory?

During my term of office I have felt the "power behind the throne," the needed backing which our instructors have given us. They stood behind every enterprise and their unfailing loyalty at the crisis helped to make the Lick Wilmerding Spirit what it is today.

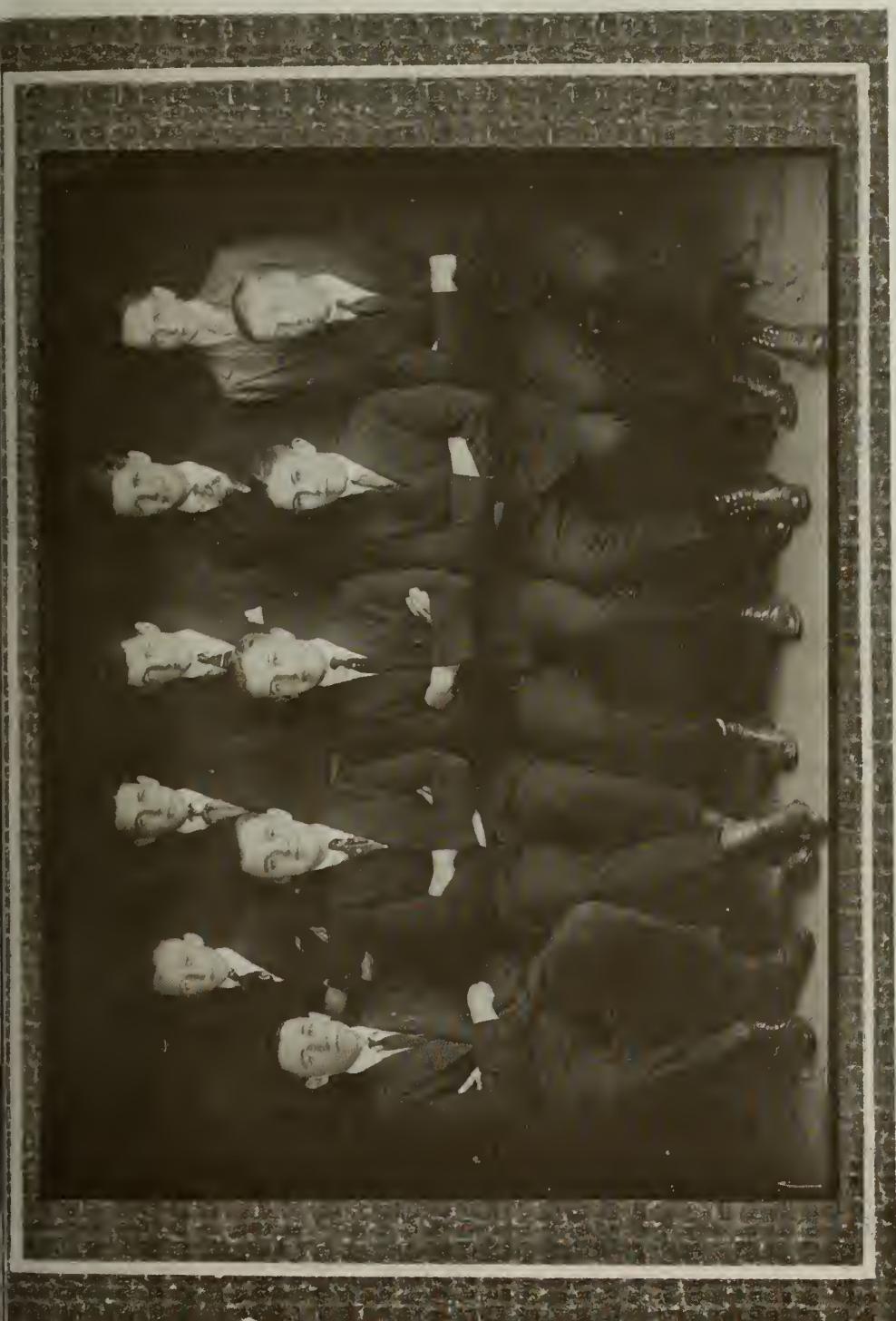
Their will united with that of the solid Student Body has built on a firm base the great Tiger Spirit which grew weak and poor but which could not die; the great Tiger Spirit which broke its shackles and leaped forth, a stronger force than ever before.

The members of the different teams have never forgotten that principle for which the school as a whole stands and records show that their constancy and never failing fighting spirit has been "unto the last."

The men whom you have chosen to follow will not fail you and you will not fail them. This new and greater Lick Wilmerding spirit will grow even larger and stronger under their careful guidance. Thus will each of us look back over our happy days at this school of schools and each will gaze with pride upon the greatness of the evergrowing Tiger Spirit, the Great Spirit of Lick Wilmerding which is lifting its loyalty, its self denial, its fight to a new place among the strongest forces which bear on our school life.

Frank Collins, President.





# Lux Class Activities

The Class of June, Nineteen-Twenty-One.

**T**HOUGH small, the Senior class of 1921 is well represented in all activities. Our leaders for the term were Grace Allan, president; Roberta Boldt, vice-president; Mabel Galli, secretary; Ruth Perchart, treasurer; Helen Mathis and Agnes Seebert, Board of Control members; Miriam O'Keefe, sergeant-at-arms; and Ruth Scott, song leader.

Although the Seniors have done nothing along the social line this year they have shown their enthusiasm and "pep" in activities such as basketball and swimming. Claudine Lacoume is one of the prominent swimmers and also is earnestly supporting basketball. Thelma Borina, Alice McLaughlin, Gertrude Mamlock, Roberta Boldt, Grace Allan, Claudine Buckholz and others are ardent supporters of the latter.

The 21-J stunt, "A Mock Wedding," was extremely good and was undoubtedly one of the best ever given at Lux.

The girls showed much enthusiasm and real ambition in working toward the success of the Bazaar, and all class members know that they contributed materially toward its success.

The Class of June, Nineteen-Twenty-Two.

The school spirit shown by the 22-J girls during the past semester far surpasses that shown by the class during its previous two years at Lux. If the excellent progress continues until graduation it can be safely predicted that our greatest aim, being a credit to our beloved school, will have been achieved.

The election of officers was held early in the year and the results were as follows: Ellen Knoles, president; Adolphine Kearns, vice-president; Margaret Cavanaugh, secretary; Betty Hill, sergeant-at-arms and Mildred Schubert, yell leader. The Board of Control representatives were Doris Holtz and Viola Kennedy. From the way the class is being handled we can readily see that a very capable leader was selected.

We have supported the clubs and athletics to our utmost ability. The most favored sport is basketball. 22-J carried away the interclass honors this year and the class is very proud of its scrappy team. We are well represented in swimming, Doris Holtz being our star mermaid. A great number of the girls belong to the Glee Club, Forum, Camera Club and Hiker's Club, the latter having nothing but 22-J officers.

The greatest event of our Junior year was the Junior Freshman picnic held at Pinehurst. The outing was enjoyed by a large number of the L-W-L students and nearly all joined in the dancing which was the main event. The picnic was probably one of the most successful ever given by a Junior class.

The girls have shown keen interest in debating and Olive Barnum made the class team at Lick. She and Adolphine Kearns were the worthy con-

testants who represented us at the reading contest given by Mr. Sergeant of the Board of Trustees. Is it a wonder that it was a success?

22-J is working toward a very near goal, being remembered as one of the best classes which Lux has ever had.

#### The Class of December, Nineteen-Twenty-Two.

The 22-X class has had a very successful semester. At the beginning of the term the class joined the Camera Club on a hike to Lake Lagunitas. The whole affair was a great success.

The class also gave a Sewing Bee to the Lux Student Body to encourage the work for the Bazaar. Many of the girls from all classes were present and enjoyed the afternoon, accomplishing much work of value.

The class itself has been very active in the Bazaar work devoting most of its time and energy to painting and other decorations.

At the suggestions of the boys the girls joined them in giving a dance on Wednesday, November 24, to which the '23-J girls were invited. It proved to be a successful wind-up of the activities preceding Thanksgiving.

The work of President Bessie Jeong, Vice-President Ethel Birmingham, Secretary Grace Wuersching, Yell Leader Lucille Zander and Sergeant-at-arms Claudia Ewing has been keenly felt and appreciated throughout the term.

Ethel Birmingham as secretary and treasurer of the Swimming Club has actively supported that organization. In the club are two other members of the '22-X class, Alice Trefz and Julia Bearwald.

The Glee Club has the support of '22-X through Grace Wuersching, a leader in the Minstrel Show, Alice Trefz, and Hilda Wuersching.

We regret that because of our small number we were unable to have a basketball team. The other teams have been strongly supported by Bessie Jeong and Fritzie Schirner.

#### The Class of June, Nineteen-Twenty-Three.

The class started the year by rotating the principal girls in office. That is to say, former Vice-President Mildred McLaughlin became this year's president and Sarah Barnum, our last president, became vice-president. With these two capable girls in office a promising year is in store. The other class officers are Alice Randolph, secretary; Minna Hamman, song leader and Florence Mitchell, sergeant-at-arms. The Board of Control member is Catherine Campagne.

The girls have entered the clubs and athletics with great spirit and the Sophomore class is well represented in the Glee Club, Camera and Basket Ball. Our basketball team played the Juniors and the score was 11-5 in their favor. However, in a very quick and interesting game the Seniors were conquered 11-8.

The class hike was given on September eighth and most of the girls went to Tennessee Cove.

The Bazaar which was such an overwhelming success, brought forward much hard work and the girls strove to do their bit toward helping to issue a Life in all its former glory. At the Lux Booth the girls who tended in the

afternoon were Evelyn Mulferd and Katherine McKeerum; in the evening Sarah Barnum and Alice Randolph. As the whole school has done its bit to help this issue of the "Life" the Sophomore class merely echoes the general thought and wish, "Long Live the 'Life'!"

### The Class of December, Nineteen-Twenty-Three.

During the year 1920 the '23-X class had many enjoyable times given to them by other classes.

During the first part of the term a dance was given to us by the Juniors, both boys and girls. A very interesting and original program was carried out by the boys after which all danced until five o'clock.

Near the middle of September a picnic was given to '24-J by the Juniors. We also received an invitation and we thank the members of the Junior class for a very enjoyable time. All who went to the picnic had a wonderful time. Every girl who went enjoyed the games and sports and none of them will forget the fine luncheon tendered to them.

Later in the term a tea was given to our girls. This very day we were to wear the dresses we had made in sewing, and we did. It was very pretty to see most of the girls in organdies and voiles of light colors.

In the last of October a dance was given to the three parts of our Student Body and all members of our class enjoyed themselves to the utmost.

The officers of the class were elected at the first of the year. They are Ruth McCoy, president; Mildred Fagen, vice-president; Dorothy Howe, secretary; Minnie Jensen, sargeant-at-arms and Ethel Lewis, yell leader.

The girls who are on the basketball team have proved to be full of spirit. They are Ethel Lewis, Catherine Pervis, Esther Lewy and Isabel Campbell.

### The Class of June, Nineteen-Twenty-Four.

August second found sixty of us knocking at your gate. Little ones, big ones, thin ones, fat ones. Though we had some doubts as to just how much space we should be allowed to occupy, we nevertheless got in and are still holding our own. Quietly we took our places paying special respect to upper classmen and making ourselves accustomed to our new surroundings. Luckily for us the Seniors were too busy to heap rules upon our youthful heads; in fact, we began to think that our presence had been scarcely noticed. Suddenly, however, a picnic of which we all approved, was announced.

In the early morning of a beautiful day we started for Pinehurst where the Lick Jazz Band of which we had frequently heard, played all day. We danced, ate, and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, thanks to the Juniors, who so generously arranged the outing.

Our temporary officers, President Grace Neubauer; Vice-President Cecelia Bertocche; and Secretary Martha Samuels were superceded by the following officers elected by our class: Maud Knowles, president; Dolores O'Donnell, vice-president; Frances Milroy, secretary and Helen Mahoney, song leader.

We are proud of our basketball team composed of Maud Knowles, Marvel Debbs, Dorothy Fenton, Bessie Elhert, Gladys Dahlgren, Ethel Lewis, Janet Ettinger and Isabel Campbell. Our two worthy "subs" are Marguerite Mamlock and Anna Schultz. Exultant are we to announce our victory over both the Lux Seniors and the "Polyites."

We are well represented in the Glee Club. Among its members are Helen Brune, Marguerite Mamlock, Alice Hoffman, Ellen Laist and Velma Cudworth—, all girls from our class.

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## Lick-Wilmerding Class Activities

In behalf of those who were vitally interested in making this issue a great success; namely, the '20-X Class, and others who have fought for a worthy December "Life" this term, we wish to extend our most sincere thanks to the Student Body for its untiring efforts in our behalf.

EDITOR and MANAGER.

### The Class of June, Nineteen-Twenty-One

June, 1921! Our graduation to which we have been looking forward during our life at Lick-Wilmerding will soon be upon us. We have become Seniors and have gained that confidence and efficiency which comes with application and attention to the many things provided for our benefit and development in the school. These things give us a broad outlook on what is before us, the great life we have yet to live. It surely is great, and knowing the good it will do us we grapple with the problems and conditions immediately before us. We are taking an active and interesting part in the school life, making it such a beneficial, delightful existence that it will remain imbedded in our memories for many years after we leave school.

This term the class supported school activities in a worthy manner. Lawrence, between managing the football team and our class, was kept a bit on the jump. He showed ability as president of the class. Whitman was vice-president; Imhof, secretary; Anderson, dues collector; Lehrke, yell leader; and Brodmerkel, justice of the peace at class meetings.

We showed ability in athletics. Football was the main attraction and Captain Johnson, Manager Lawrence, Hamilton, Brodmerkel, Alter, Whitman, Anderson and Dyson played the game. To basketball we gave the old stand-by, Captain Imhof and Aghem of the 110-pound team. The Junior track team was supported by Captain Whitman, Imhof and Hamilton. Our swimmers, Trask and Young, were a mainstay of the team, helping to roll up points in the meet.

The debating material within our ranks is good. The picked team this term consists of Lehrke, O'Connell and Imhof. These fellows possess suitable argumentative ability and they should capture the interclass next term.

On November fifth there was a motley crowd of boys here who bore a slight resemblance to those ordinarily present at school. Dressed specially

for Old Clothes Day, they made a funny looking lot. It was very amusing to be one of such a tattered assembly and the variation from the usual local color was very agreeable. Twenty-one looked like a bunch of "hoboes" and let's hope that none of them take up that profession. They'd look too real.

That the Senior dance was a success was due, in large part, to the backing given it by our class. Lehrke of the dance committee, put much effort into making the affair the best high school dance of the term.

What we achieve next term will be the determining factor in establishing the name we leave behind us. We, as the highest class and the class which will run the Student Body affairs, are resolved to give our best efforts in order to establish a record that will speak for the ability, spirit, and efficiency of '21-J.

#### The Class of December, Nineteen-Twenty-One

The High Juniors have passed through a most successful semester. Although we are only fifteen strong, we have lived up to our previous reputation by co-operating with the Student Body in an earnest endeavor to keep the school on a high standard.

Being aware of the responsible role that we were playing in the affairs of the school and looking forward to our duties as Seniors next term, we tackled all the difficult problems that confronted us with a remarkable spirit of combined pep and enthusiasm.

The class is well represented in athletics. On the football squad Coburn, Cerkel, Hazlett, Ahern and Pomin have worked to help "cop" the championship for Lick-Wilmerding. Remensperger gave his loyal support to the school in upholding its honor at the swimming meet. Luthi, as captain of the 100-pound basketball team, has rounded his men into good form.

Our class has not only supported athletics but it has also supported all of the Student Body activities. From us the Student Body selected a vice-president and yell leader who surely have done their duties.

The Class of December, '21 has proven its merits. It helped as much as was in its power to make the Mid-term Dance a success by selling bids to friends in other high schools. Numerous articles for the bazaar were made by our members. Not being content with merely making objects to sell, the class made a great deal of money by putting on a successful nickel dance.

The following fellows were the officers who so ably piloted our ship through the High Junior term: Gilmour, president; Hargrave, vice-president; Ahern, secretary; Wessel, treasurer; Thompson, board of control member and Coburn, sergeant-at-arms.

#### The Class of June, Nineteen-Twenty-Two

The last semester has been the most eventful which our class has ever had. Of all the events the Junior-Freshman picnic occupied the most prominent part in school activities. The reception, which was held at Pinehurst, was a great success due to the excellent management of the affair by Simi, our class president.

The class has not only come to the front in social activities, but is at the top in athletics. During the early part of the year an inter-class was

held in track and the Juniors won by a comfortable margin. We won a second place in the swimming inter-class, losing first place by only one point.

In interscholastic activities we have been consistent winners. Every sport which the school may boast of had at least one Junior on its team, while in a few of them we are represented by three or four men.

Our surprise at the Lick-Wilmerding Bazaar proved to be a gratifying and tremendous success. We have fulfilled all that was expected of us at that last seasonal function and feel that we did much to make of it a financial victory for the "Life."

A recent treasury report given out by the school shows that '22-J is at the top of the list.

As we look backward over the last term we can do nothing but commend our class officers for the business-like manner in which they handled all of our affairs. The officers were: Simi, president; Bouquet, vice-president; Hebgen, secretary; Lefkovitch, treasurer; Koran, board of control member, and Carnero, sergeant-at-arms.

#### The Class of December, Nineteen-Twenty-Two

We of the twenty-two Xmas class have successfully terminated the last half of our Sophomore year. This term was successful because of the enthusiasm and earnest endeavor which our class officers put into their work. At the beginning of the semester our leaders began to develop the "get together" spirit of the class and it was but a short time before we were working together as do the parts of a perfect machine. The men who were responsible for this good work are McMahon, president; Atkinson, vice-president; Pierson, treasurer; Meyers, secretary and Murray, board of control member.

Instilled with a co-operative spirit we put on all our affairs with a "bang." In athletics we were particularly well represented. Herndon, Kendall, and Murray upheld our fair name in football; Alexander, Atkinson, Chonette, Price and Kline on track and field; Kendall and Murray brought glory in swimming, and "Star" Meyers in basketball.

We have earnestly supported all student activities and have worked steadily for and toward the success of the bazaar, which was such a success.

A class dance was held at Lux and it proved to be one of the most delightful events of the season, due to the untiring efforts of McMahon and Atkinson. We wish to express our thanks to Miss Otto and the girls of Lux for their co-operation.

We have shown our class spirit by organizing a jazz band whose success is inevitable under the direction of Pierson.

#### The Class of June, Nineteen-Twenty-Three

Determined to make our Low Sophomore semester one of our peppiest terms we set out to establish a record far above all our previous records. We wished to make the '23-J class the most successful in the school.

Bearing in mind the old proverb, "Where there is a will, there is a way," we have always found a method of dealing with our problems, problems in our daily school life.

Filled with an intense class pride, the members of our class gave their support to all activities, both athletic and academic. Despite the fact that we have but few athletes, we have made a good showing, due to the excellent quality of those whom we have. In the water we were represented by Litchenberg, Knipe, Hoffman and Dunne. Litchenberg is also on the football squad. In basketball we were represented by such premier players as Bowen, Kotta and Meyers.

We are well represented in the camera club, orchestra and debating society. In debating our chances of winning the interclass is excellent. This takes place next term and all who are interested look forward to it with hope.

Our class officers, President Honey, Vice-President Williams, Secretary Russell, Treasurer Kingman, Board of Control Member McDonald, Yell Leader Bowen, and Sergeant-at-Arms Meihle, are capable and are to be complimented upon their work this semester.

#### The Class of December, Nineteen-Twenty-Three

After being coached and guided for six months by our Faculty appointed officers, we began to perceive what it means to be a student of the Lick-Wilmerding School. Thanks to the training that we received from them, we were able to stand up and fight our own battles at the beginning of the semester.

In order to fight battles efficiently there must be leaders. Therefore, at the beginning of the present term we elected a group of officers to lead us. They are as follows: Watson, president; Buckholtz, vice-president; Crane, secretary; Green, treasurer; Barthold, board of control member; Bjork, yell leader, and Moore, sergeant-at-arms.

Under the leadership of these efficient officers we started the term full of the old Tiger Spirit. We naturally gave our support to all of the Student Body activities. Legallet, who ran in the 130-pound relay team, won us fame on the track. Crane upheld our reputation by making a position on the snappy 110-pound basketball team. However, our best bet this semester was swimming. Combined with '23-J we put up a fight against '22 for the swimming meet that will not be equaled in many a moon. After several thrilling races '23's team finally won the swimming championship of the school by a margin of one point.

We have helped to make this issue of the "Life" a success by making things for the bazaar and surely we feel that our class has done well considering its age.

#### The Class of June, Nineteen-Twenty-Four

Six months ago, we of the '24-J class, entered Lick-Wilmerding. We were taken under the wings of some upper classmen appointed by the Faculty to be our officers. These officers treated us as a brother treats a brother. They explained to us the customs and traditions of the schools; they told us what the upper classmen expected from us; they gave us advice and, in fact, they did not leave a stone unturned in their efforts to make of us true Tigers.

Within a short space of time a change came over us. Whenever a football man told us at a rally how the team was going to fight that afternoon, our blood began to tingle. We shortly reached the stage when we wanted to do something for the school. We began to take an interest in all activities. We discovered that we had been exposed to the old Tiger Spirit and that it was rapidly taking effect.

Many fellows gave vent to their newly acquired Spirit by going out for athletics. Mooney, Bayley, Kidwell and Moran made good in basketball. In track Bayley won a first place for broad jumping. Through his perseverance Chisholm won a place as left guard on the football team.

Our officers are as follows: George, '21, president; Ashman, '22, vice-president; Daly, '23, secretary-treasurer and Coburn, '21, board of control member. Chisholm and Bayley, of our class, were sergeant-at-arms and yell leader respectively.

We take this opportunity to thank the '22-J class for the wondreful reception which it tendered us at Pinehurst.

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## The L-W Jazz Orchestra

The "jazz hounds" have certainly given the school good music this term. There were no practices but they delivered the goods—with interest. Besides playing at a few dances they furnished considerable "pep" at several of the rallies. Carney manipulated the moaning C-melody "sax" dexterously enough; Hawkins severed relationship with all dignity on the mouthpiece of his squealing "baby" tenor 'phone; Mills and Emery tickled the "big noises" (say, they can drum!); Taylor, director-manager, and Lawrence capered, alternated and dueted at the piano. Lawrence can also "throw a mean lip" into the mouthpiece of a trombone. Every man of the "Tiger Syncopaters" is a professional and not one is to be sneezed at.

The L-W-L concert orchestra, sad to say, has fallen into oblivion, due to non-support. That's a shame, fellows. Is there no one in the school who appreciates real music enough to join it?

Our latest additions are some traps for the school drums and Hawkins.

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## The Students' Exchange

This term the Exchange was under the supervision of Litton and Schmeider, manager and assistant manager, respectively. The total sales this semester have aggregated three hundred odd dollars. The net profit goes to the Student Body treasury and thence to the various activities.

Fellows, we always need more old books, so let's hunt them up and bring them to the "Hock Shop."

With such men as "Phat Coburn," "Barney Google," and "perpetual motion" Alter in school next term, business looks promising, provided they buy instead of borrow their books.

You see what the Exchange has done this year. Bring old books to sell, buy old books to use, and the little place in the corner of the "Caf" will thrive as it should.

## The Cafeteria

"Buy a brick to help the Belgian babies."—"Gimme a dog!"—"Who wants the last piece of pie?"

Such expressions accompany the rush hour in our "lil Caf." The support given to it is most gratifying to the managers and to the others in the school indirectly, for the proceeds of the sale go directly to the "Life" and the "Life" to everybody in the Student Body. The fellows seem to realize this for the coin that rolls in around lunch time makes a good substantial pile every day.

Frank Collins, last year's assistant manager at the cafeteria, became manager when he returned to school last August. He operated the business on a strictly pay basis until November. Charlie Nourse then took the reins and became high commissioner of the bean factory. He, with Hornlein, finished the term with a big rush and a pile of money for the "Life." Those who know say that we may expect to see Hornlein's grinning countenance behind the "pile of iron bones" next year.

It is to be hoped that the support of the eats will be even greater in the future and that we will be able to say, "Business is better than good; it's excellent."

## The Camera Club

Photography has always been a promising field for school activities, affording a greater and more beneficial range of experience than any other branch of student endeavor. A great deal more than simply "taking pictures" is learned. After a time the amateur unconsciously studies locations with a view of ascertaining their scenic advantages. The finished picture, too, is carefully scrutinized. How many people really know how to study a picture of any kind, be it an old masterpiece or an amateurish view of the bay? Or know how to determine the center of interest, light effect, proper setting and balance of a picture? Very few, indeed, we fear. In the Camera Club these things are so imbedded in the mind that all of the above mentioned things are known on the instant.

And that is just the beginning of an interesting study. Picture coloring, night scenes, and a multitude of the finer things that make the camera so fascinating an instrument are undertaken. In fact, there is practically no limit to the possibilities of the camera and general photography.

Learn the principles of photography and practice them. The successful amateur always has some work which will be accepted by the editors who are always looking for illustrations and interesting photos. All of you know that the adage, "No words are as strong as a picture," is true.

The editorial above shows you what the Camera Club does. This is the time to apply for membership; never before has the Lick-Wilmerding Cam-

era Club been on such a secure footing. Membership has more than trebled itself during the last semester; the treasury shows a large balance all to be applied to the needs and the upkeep of a select and well furnished dark-room. Nothing that a member could need is overlooked. Lectures by illustrious camera men and by Miss Boulware, of our own Faculty, varying from the subject of lenses to the art of composition, outings and hikes to the scenic places around the bay, and dances are given by this capable though quiet organization.

During the past semester the Lick-Wilmerding Camera Club has been led by a very capable staff of officers consisting of Hebbgen, president; Mecredy, vice-president; Michalitschke, secretary; Lefkovitch, treasurer, and Walters, sergeant-at-arms.

Join the Lick-Wilmerding Camera Club! Its the biggest organization in the school, and in it you'll gain more and enjoy more than in any other school activity.

## The Dynamiters

Have you ever heard of the Dynamiters? No? Then listen. Quite a long time ago there was an order in this school known as the Dynamiters. It sickened and died. Why? Because the spirit of the school also sickened but did not quite die. And then, this term, under the leadership of capable officers, that old Tiger Spirit turned over and became well. It was absolutely alive again. And with it came the Dynamiters. They met in Mr. Lockwood's room. They planned to keep alive that delicate but steadily growing better spirit. They planned for an Old Clothes Day as the first tonic and it worked as a charm. The old boy came out of the convalescent stage and showed a blood test higher than ever before. He was well. And the Dynamiters did it so let us keep the Ancient Order of Dynamiters here to mix a tonic whenever the old Lick Spirit shows signs of a breakdown.

## Lux Organizations Camera Club

The large enrollment and the interest which the members show in all work and plans of the club this term have given promise of a larger organization than ever before. A great number of Freshmen have become members and such a membership means a firm and lasting base. The officers elected for the term were Grace Wuersching, president, and Alice Randolph, secretary.

Our meetings, held from time to time during the term, have been made interesting by lectures on the camera, delivered by Miss Webster, whose constant efforts in our behalf have been very gratifying.

We have had two very enjoyable hikes this term, the first to Lake Lagunitas and the second, a hike with the Lick Camera Club, to Rattlesnake Canyon, near Mill Valley.

The success of the club this season is very gratifying and all we may wish for next year is a larger membership than ever before in the history of the school.

## Hiker's Club

Through the efforts of Miss Fassett we were able to organize, this term, a new club, known by the name of Hiker's. The first meeting was held with a large attendance and the following were elected to office: Gene Wilfert, president; Ellen Knoles, vice-president, and Cecilia Bertocchi, secretary.

We organized for the purpose of taking monthly hikes, and next Spring many enjoyable tramps will be in store for members. We intend to make one hundred miles a year thus having the opportunity to call the club "Century Hiker's Club."

Our hike this season was to Redwood Peak and Joaquin Miller's place. We wish to thank Miss Otto for her help in behalf of that hike.

We have a large enrollment, but we want more because we know that all will get many a good time. Our president, Miss Wilfert, is one who will give us all many a jolly affair.

## Glee Club

The Glee Club has, this semester, devoted all its time to the production of a minstrel show. A large crowd attended its performance and we feel that it was an unqualified success.

Among other things on the lengthy program there were a number of Gold Dust twins. Also some girls dressed in blue and white sailor suits who gave a clever sailor's hornpipe performance. To the tune of a lively negro band a couple of couples did the cake walk. End men cracked jokes and the negro dialect recitations were enjoyed by all.

The show represented a term of steady work on the part of the girls. Miss Tucker, who was the source of encouragement at the time of the performance, deserves to be complimented upon the splendid showing which her cast made.

## Forum

The Forum, a new club organized this term, has as its chief object the study of Parliamentary law. Miss O'Connor, our advisor, is striving to keep the meetings up to standard. Alice McLaughlin is the president; Claudine Buckholz, the vice-president; Helen Best, the secretary, and Ellen Knoles, treasurer. At the meetings debates, speeches and plays are given.

Miss O'Connor is striving to make a success of this new venture and all girls are urged to join her in making it so. You will enjoy the pleasures in store for the members and learn much besides. So let us all come to the first meeting next term and make the future absolutely safe for Forum.

## Sewing

The Freshmen, under Miss Roumiguieres' instruction, have completed their dainty white garments and in addition have made handsome collars and cuffs for the bazaar.

The Sophomores have completed their lessons on made-over woolen

garments and have practically finished their new dresses. Although the courses are practically the same this year the girls have had much practice making small and dainty things for the bazaar.

With Miss Crittenden the Juniors made and fitted forms to their own measurements. Many pleasing little blouses now so much in vogue have been made by the girls.

The Seniors have completed the new drapes for the living room and have done much tailor work. They have studied the correct dress for the high school girl and have done some beautiful work for the bazaar.

## Millinery

Having finished the customary number of samplers and stitches, the Sophomore girls have started on their new first hats. In addition to their regular work the older girls have made many flowers, fluffy powder puff cases, and a multitude of dainty things of ribbon. The bazaar has certainly put incentive into the girls who have made many pleasing creations for sale at it.

## Cooking

An entirely new course of cooking has been inaugurated this year by our new teacher, Miss Nelson.

The Sophomores have studied the more simple preparation of foods, which study centers around the preparation of meals. Simple home service has been both a novelty and benefit to the girls.

The Juniors have done more advanced work and are very well informed as to the simple service of meals.

Since Lux no longer has her Normal students the Senior girls have received the benefit of the really practical work in meal planning and preparing in the Lux cafeteria.

## Drawing

The Lux Freshmen have been printing different types of alphabets. They have done well and freehand drawings from models and from casts have been successfully made by them.

The Seniors, under Mrs. Stevenson's supervision, have studied intensely on the history of architecture. The girls are preparing to plan their own homes?????

Mrs. Wall has under her direction the Sophomore and Junior classes. The former have taken up poster work with very pleasing results. They have also studied the general principle of design. Some work along the lines of historic ornament has been done and proved to be very interesting. Next semester the girls will begin their work on color.

The Juniors have had a slight review in value work. This was preparatory to their costume designing. Some figure sketching has been done and drawings in detail were made of the hands and the head.

The work done for the "Life" this year has been the best ever accomplished by the girls and deserves the utmost praise of the school. Let us hope that next year it will be continued along the same good lines and that the "Life" will be the proud possessor of numerous cuts from Lux.

# L-W Shops and Departments

## Freehand Drawing Department

Miss Boulware is now the only freehand drawing teacher in the school and therefore is one of the busiest persons on our Faculty. Not that she has not always been a human dynamo, but that she now has the work of two able instructors on her hands instead of one. Miss Boulware has helped enormously in getting the cuts ready for the "Life" and whenever the journal needed help or a supporter, she was right "on the job."

Maas, Taylor and O'Connell of the Art Staff, have, under the direction of Miss Boulware, made most of the cuts for this issue. Koch, Remensperger, Luthi, Quinn and Cerkel also helped materially in the drawings. Maas the boss of the staff of cut makers, is our commercial artist and Taylor, our cartoonist.

Miss Boulware's crowning glory is the way she has supported the bazaar. Without the co-operation of her department and the work turned out by it the sales would have netted us over one hundred dollars less than they did. Paper cutters, book ends, coat hangers, lamps, candle sticks, baskets, and many different kinds of greens have been artistically painted and decorated in other ways for the benefit of the bazaar.

We have given above a resume of what the drawing department has done for this journal and it is to be hoped that all will give Miss Boulware the full credit due her for her magnificent spirit in helping the "Life" to a sound financial basis this term.

## Mechanical Drawing Department

The mechanical drawing department is running along nicely, although the room is greatly crowded. At the beginning of the semester Mr. Heymann and Mr. Graham were instructors in this department, but Mr. Graham left us about the middle of the term and the vacancy is now filled by Mr. Lockwood.

There are many apprentices, but only two Seniors, Holmgren and Wood. Holmgren has shown good work on a deep well pump that he has just completed. This very pump is to be constructed in the shops some time, but Holmgren hopes to be out of school by the time Mr. Sunkel uses it. Wood has been working on a coal bunker with Mr. Heymann. It is being constructed for the school. At present Wood is drawing the conveyors and likes his job(?) Beale and Eichel are also fooling their time away and "Bluebeard" is indeed a "shark."

The '21 class is well represented. Johnson has been working on a pressure gauge for gas engine cylinders. Gilmour has a hydraulic intensifier well under way. Dysen, with the help of Thompson, is laboring tediously

on some patented device for our pipe cutter. "Andy" Anderson is finishing Mr. Herbert's manifold. He is also working on a hydraulic vise.

Among the '22 class apprentices are Roberts, Johnston, Danave, Sherwood, and Samuels. These enterprising people are doing very well.

In the architectural department are Luthi, Coburn and Miss Dow. Luthi is working on a modern two-story residence, while Coburn is making an alphabet of fancy letters. The lady is satisfied with a plate, and no wonder, for do they not always like dishes?

L-W-L  
LIFE

## Chemistry Department

This department is going along very nicely, considering the handicap it has been working under since the start of the present semester. At that time the apprentices, working under the guidance of Mr. Tibbetts, completely moved the materials in the old Lick laboratory into the new building. They so lowered themselves, so some of them have acknowledged, as to do part of the carpenter and other work themselves.

However, the new laboratory shows distinctively what the perseverance of Mr. Tibbetts and his apprentices has done. The general classes have all the comforts of home plus a modern place to work in and are getting along well in their study of general chemistry.

The Junior apprentices, Lefkovitch, Ashman, Bouquet, Gale and Hebbgen, are well along in qualitative analysis and are preparing an analysis of unknowns. They expect to have the ability to analyze anything given them by the end of the term.

The Senior apprentices, Lohry, Young, Whitman, Schnutinhause and Crowley, have just completed an analysis of cement and are finishing their analysis of soil.

Mr. Tibbetts is entirely satisfied with the term's work, considering the handicap he was put under by having to move his laboratory in its entirety and has very satisfactorily supplied working provisions for his students which excell in every way the conditions provided by the old laboratory.

## Pattern Shop

Pattern Shop, under the direction of Mr. McLaren, has been doing some good work. This shop only possesses two apprentices, Rucker and Ferrea. They have made patterns for Mr. Herbert's hydraulic press and also his famous bending machine. Patterns are now being made for coal chutes to be used at the yards in the old Lick grounds.

The '23 class is still on its elementary exercises and some of the advanced pattern makers are helping the apprentices. "Fat" Barrett is about the sleepiest fellow who ever used a band saw. In fact, some day, he may cut his head off by mistake.

Among other things the shop is turning out much valuable material for the bazaar. Mr. McLaren, commonly called "Mac," will tell anyone who asks him that he has made all the animals in a menagerie, and then some, out of wood. Miss Boulware gives them their natural complexions, so that they will not look too woody.

## Cabinet Shop

This year Mr. Maybeck has been breaking forty scrubs, one soph, three soldiers and one senior into the hows and whys of woodworking. After mastering the art of filling joints with sawdust and glue, the under classmen turned out about fifty pair of candle sticks, three hall trees, half a dozen cedar chests and twenty or thirty floor lamps. The soldiers have made some chairs and household furniture. As a whole, they seem to be progressing pretty well. We wish to thank those in this shop, as well as those in the other shops, for their loyal support of the bazaar and in that way the "Life."

## Stone Shop

Stone shop does not seem to agree with the upper classmen, or rather, to be truthful, the land of cement is given to the Freshmen on the programs. And we can see a reason for this, too. The "Scrubs" docily do anything that they are ordered to do. The upper classmen have gotten into a more advanced stage. They wish to know the reason why and also, alas for the teachers, wish to have their own way and generally have it. Stone shop needs men who will work and who ever heard of an upper classman who willingly worked? But we wander from our subject.

The Freshmen, under the direction of Mr. Mihall and Mr. Bettin, his assistant, have accomplished much work of lasting and valuable character. At the beginning of the term they chipped the lower part of the new building. At the last of the term they have been surfacing the chipped surface with a coat of cement. This is even applied to the window sills, so we are told. Yea, verily, 'tis so. And what is more wonderful still, the sidewalk on Sixteenth Street has been completed and is beautiful to walk upon, so 'tis said.

During the summer vacation and the beginning of the term the entrance was completed, giving a very much richer appearance to the exterior of the edifice. This is due to the noble work of Mr. Mihall.

## Electric Shop

Electric shop has been one of the busiest in the school this year. Between wiring the coal yard and the new buildings, rewinding the trans-

formers and doing other lesser things the fellows have been on the jump all the time.

The first term apprentices are Seabrooke, Kendel, Lauries, Walters, Millet, Baker, Farrell and Callopy. These young electricians have finished their exercises and have completed the term by doing odd jobs.

The second term boys, Wessel, Akins, and O'Donnell, have been doing more advanced work. Wessel rewound a bell transformer for Lux and found out, to his own very great disgust, that the thing worked after he finished his job. O'Donnell installed a new battery reostat and Akins has been chief electric iron repairman for Lux, besides making numerous rings and stick pins. Scalminini wired the new building. Allen and Kielber have been doing line work in wiring the new building and the coal yard. Emery has bee engaged in installing a stop and turn signal on his Buick and helping in rewiring Mr. Merrill's Overland.

Under the able guidance of Mr. Jones the electric shop has come to the top and has surely done a wonderful amount of useful work. With the new lathe installed to assist in the heavy work a surprise is in store for next term.

## *Sheet Metal Shop*

The sheet metal shop has not been extra busy this year. The Freshmen have completed the usual exercises and are extra good, according to their own estimations. A handful of ex-soldiers and a few upper classmen have done the bulk of the work on the new building, while the "scrubs" amused themselves carrying things to and fro. Mr. Wood, who commandeers the troops of rookies in the shop, has worked hard for the bazaar and deserves special commendation.

## *Forge Shop*

The forge, or "sweat" shop, as it is called by those who have experienced its summer heat, can boast of no apprentices this year. Mr. Mathis still continues to imitate the village blacksmith, in some ways, if not in others. He has, with the help of some of the more advanced twenty-three fellows, been turning out a great deal of valuable work. The largest job of the year for the forge shop was the constructing of the fire escapes for the new building. Many of them have been finished and Mr. Mathis hopes to have them all completed and ready for installation by the first of the year, provided nothing comes to interrupt his work upon them.

The '23-X fellows have completed their preliminary exercises and are now working on advanced exercises, such as welding and tempering. There are the usual number of casualties from dropping a piece of iron on an unsuspecting toe to burning the iron in welding, and sometimes making a mistake in burning a finger instead of the iron. However, Mr. Mathis will probably have some iron left after the burning season is over.

## Machine Shop

The regular routine work of the machine shop has been well done this term. The new students have completed their block exercises and their lathe work, consisting of bolt turning, is at an end. They have discovered among other things around the shop that there is not an accurate square in the place.

Mills and Johnson who are taking an apprentice course have worked diligently on the steam hoist. Pedrotta and Meyer have lost no time on the pipe cutting machines. Klinker was bitten by the bug at the first of the semester and has turned out to be a wireless shark. A considerable amount of work and apparatus has been made for the Science Department.

And now to the all important king of the shop, Mr. Joseph Sunkel. He has completed and installed the bumpers for the steps. It is said that they will produce a non-skid effect except when wet. We are sure that they have given a very much needed finishing touch to the new building.

## Auto Shop

A great deal of work has been done in the Auto Shop this year as always. Two very large engine lathes have been completely overhauled by Mr. Herbert. They are to be used in his great tractor factory.

Pomin has rebuilt a power grinder and completed his term by working on the lathes. Great fun, he thinks.

Hazlett has been engaged in making parts and fittings for his own machine shop while Hargrave and Jacobs have succeeded in overhauling and starting the Republic truck. This is advertising for the truck.

Seebert and an ex-soldier have been doing the sheet metal and welding work for Mr. Herbert. 'Tis said that they can burn quite well.

McDonald and Carney have done general machine shop work.

Leach is overhauling his own car.

Pierson and Younger have been the necessary general nuisances this term. Their favorite pastime has been throwing water in the Locker Room. The other fellows have been making themselves generally useful by conscientiously completing odd jobs to their own satisfaction.



# The Holiday Bazaar

L-W-L  
LIFE

THE Bazaar was certainly even more successful in accomplishing its purpose than the most confident could have expected. No doubt its wonderful showing was due to the conscientious co-operation of Miss Boulware, Miss Otto, Mr. Wood, Mr. Heymann, and in fact, the whole Faculty with the Student Body. The editor and manager of the "Life," namely Ralph McClinton and Earl Soiland, spent, together with their work on the journal, all of their extra time in preparing for the great event. Efforts which will never be fully appreciated have made the "Life" what it is today.

At Lick Miss Boulware's department shone out above all else. Candle sticks, artistically colored; twigs and branches beautifully decorated; book ends, little beauty boxes, paper cutters, coat-hangers, baskets, toys and what not were made in great variety and numbers beyond count.

The machine shop produced metal articles such as flower frogs, candle sticks in artistic patterns and finished book ends with metal bases.

At Wilmerding Mr. Maybeck's cabinet shop won the prize for ability and willingness to turn much needed work quickly and efficiently. The workers made piano lamps, table lamps, candle sticks, book ends, tabourets, footstools and numerous other articles. They were very promptly sold with a square deal to all concerned.

The pattern shop turned out many menageries and other interesting specimens.

Under the leadership of supervising teachers and Claudine Buckholz the girls of Lux worked like a busy hive of bees. They manufactured lingerie flowers and bows, vanity bags, and other articles from ribbon. Edges for towels, handkerchiefs and aprons were willingly crocheted. Embroidered articles which found instantaneous buyers were created, while toys and novelties were handsomely enameled after being turned out by the Lick Shops. The greatest charm of the day was the delicious candy made by the lower classmen which disappeared entirely too suddenly.

The '20-X class staged the greatest show of the year, the great one and only "Mystery Palace," never to be seen again. The electrical stunt gave some the creeps, some wonder, some a scarce but surely did bring a crowd.

The "Nickel Dance," which was patronized by almost every one boasted of the '21-X class as its master. The floor was well packed and we thank the sponsors for its success.

The '22-J class donated the "Ball and Bucket" game which seemed to be popular, as we discovered teacher, friend and student giving wads of money to us through it as a medium. The winners were satisfied and the roll of "cash" has helped this very page, perhaps.

The '22-X efforts were shown to be well worth while by the large attendance of their Minstrel show and booth. The former was the greatest success of the evening in the line of concessions when it came to popularity.

The '23-J class did "their bit" by selling five fingered ferns placed in attractive hanging baskets.

Quantities of Xmas berries were sold by the '23-X booth. The class is young but its merits were well shown by its novel idea of selling the most popular Christmas plant next to the turkey?

The '24-J class, youngest in the school, and the '21-J class helped as salesmen and decorators.

Altogether with the aid given by every member of the Faculty and Student Body the Bazaar was a huge success. The large crowd in attendance was no doubt due to the efforts of Miss Otto who worked out an exceptionally thorough advertizing campaign.

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## Junior Freshman Picnic

**T**HE custom of having some sort of amusement given to the incoming Freshmen by the Juniors has become a very important part of the school festivities. The Junior class this term decided upon a picnic as the form of entertainment which could be most enjoyed by all participants.

Preparations were quickly made and on October fifteenth the two classes, Freshman and Junior, left the ferry building for Pinehurst. A special train met the boat on the other side and transported the two hundred picnickers to their destination.

The party certainly had "lots a pep" for no sooner had the grounds been reached than the dancing began, the music for the steppers being furnished by the '22-J jazz band. Those who cared not for the art of dancing played games which were well supervised by the Junior hosts.

The morning pleasures were interrupted by the call of mid-day, the call to lunch. Sandwiches, cakes, fruits and ice cream were served and enjoyed by all as evidenced by the bare plates taken from the grounds about one o'clock. The luncheon being safely stowed away the dancing was resumed. More games were played and enjoyed by all.

The party left Pinehurst with much regret about 4:30. However, all were soon in high spirits again as evidenced by the dancing on the boat after the ferry slip was left behind. The '22-J class made a great effort to afford a day of pleasure and they succeeded beyond the expectations of the most optomistic.

Miss Otto and Mr. Wood acted as chaperones and the success of the affair was largely due to their kind help. Special attention should be called to Miss Knoles and to Walter Simi, presidents of the '22-J classes at Lux and Lick respectively. The smoothness with which the whole affair was carried on demonstrates that both of them contributed much to the picnic and reaped an excellent harvest as a result of their work.

## Old Clothes Day

L-W-L  
LIFE

On Friday, November fifth, the students of Lick-Wilmerding had a day of days, an Old Clothes Day. Nearly every fellow in the institution came to school prepared to join in the fun. There was everything from a genuine hobo to a quack doctor. Those who did not come to school prepared for a day of rag clothes, turned their coats inside out and imitated lunatics from an asylum. Generally speaking the teachers were very much pleased with the plans. It is indeed a wonder that they managed in a way to conduct classes.

During the latter part of the noon hour and the omnibus period a joint rally was held at Lux. Here the rag-a-muffins showed off their gala clothes for the approval of the girls and instructors on the roof garden. All of those present agreed that the rally was one of the best in spirit that the school has ever had. Everybody was in the right mood and the program was carried on with lots of pep and perfect smoothness.

Mr. Merrill, along with the others was pleased with the festival; so much so, in fact, that he had pictures taken of the rally and the hobos.

Those responsible for the idea wish to take this opportunity to thank the students who so ardently supported the most popular event of the year.

## Report of Lick-Wilmerding-Lux Alumni

**T**HE Lick-Wilmerding-Lux Alumni Association has had a very active season, having carried out four successful events during the last six months with an enjoyable time at each. The first affair, an auto ride and picnic at Kendall Dell, was held on Sunday, September 19th, 1920. The members met at the Ginn House, and, after all had assembled, proceeded to the park, arriving there about 11:00 a. m. After lunch, games were played, followed by several hours of dancing. It was agreed by all that the picnic was a grand success.

On Wednesday evening, October 6th, 1920, over 400 members of the Alumni and their friends attended a theater party at the Alcazar Theater, the play being the comedy "A Cure for Curables." After the performance many went to the Rose Garden at the St. Francis Hotel for refreshments and dancing. This affair not only furnished a delightful time to those who attended, but also enabled the Alumni to assist the Lick-Wilmerding Football Team by contributing \$100.00 towards the purchase of their new football suits.

The third event was a Hallowe'en party at the California Club on Friday evening, October 22nd, 1920. Besides dancing to the accompaniment of jazzy music, several other attractions added to the merriment of the evening.

The Annual Christmas Dance and Reunion was held in the ballroom of the Bellevue Hall, on Friday evening, December 10th. This dance is always looked forward to with pleasure by the members of the Alumni. A large attendance and a good time was assured all.

## In Memoriam

Darkness had slowly enveloped the earth and the stars are gleaming in solemn splendor. A fleecy cloud floats slowly and majestically across the endless field of darkened blue and, as it passes over the myriads of twinkling lights, they flicker out one by one; so, too, do many souls pass into the realm beyond as others gain the spirit of life on earth.

As the stars disappeared so has one member of our school taken his place among the departed. One space has been left vacant in our body of students never to be filled again. August Berg of the '22-X class has forsaken the earth for all time. May this December issue of the Lick-Wilmerding Lux "Life" ever remind us of the loss of him who has crossed the line into the land upon which mortal foot has never tread.



# ATHLETICS

# Football

 F. A. L. champions, the first year of the return to the American game! This record, hung up by our fighting Tigers, is one that any school may well be proud of. And, to put the credit where it justly belongs, we present Mr. Hollingbery, the Tiger coach. Every man on the team remembers how he came out the first night and started the squad off by showing them how to hold the ball! And, to admit the truth, there was not a man on the squad that did not need his teaching. However, from then on the aspirants took to American football like a duck to water, and by the time the S. F. A. L. contest was played, they had been developed into a fighting machine by that same coach.

The other man responsible for the good showing is the captain, "Johnny" Johnson. His never-say-die spirit led the team through all their games, and he was always to be found where the fight was the thickest.

The first practice game was held on Saturday, September 18, after four weeks of training, when our Tigers hooked up with Tamalpais Military Academy. Due only to a lack of experience, the team was treated to the short end of a 7-6 score. However, the game served to initiate our men into the American game, and what they lacked in knowledge they made up for in fight, displaying an abundance of the fighting spirit that characterized the teams of former years.

After another week's hard practice, during which the most glaring faults of the first game were corrected, the Tigers journeyed down the peninsula to meet the San Mateo squad. As the two teams came out on the field, it looked like a walk-away for San Mateo, but thanks to some trick plays developed by Coach Hollingbery, the tables were turned, and Lick-Wilmerding won her first game by a score of 35-0. The Tiger team had started to look more like a machine and less like a group of would-be football players.

Friday, October 1st, was a big day for the whole school, because the team played against Tamalpais Union High at Ewing Field, giving the student body an opportunity to show that it was behind the team. Although they were out-weighed, the fighting spirit of the Tigers brought home the bacon, and the game ended with the score at 25-21.

The following week, on Saturday, October 9, the team had its first "taste" of playing in the mud, when they trimmed Centerville. It was in this game that the line first showed what it could do on the defense. The opponents hammered the line for a while, and then gave it up as a bad job, falling back on end runs, which were stopped behind the line of scrimmage. The game was a slow one, with L-W on the long end of a 20-7 score when the final gun was fired.

A second trip down the peninsula was taken when our boys lined up against the William Warren School on October 16. Although this game was the worst played of the season, our Tigers managed to stay on top, and the final gun left the score 12-3, the opponents scoring their only points on a place kick.

1920

Wearers of the School Honors

L

Basketball

IVE BARNUM      ELLEN KNOWLES      LOUISE WILLIAMS  
CELIA BERTOCCHI    CLAUDINE LACOUME    EUGENIA WILFERT  
THELMA BORINA     ALICE McLAUGHLIN

LW

Football

ALLEN	S. CROWLEY	H. JACOBS	T. BRODMERKEL
BEALE	W. EICHEL	L. JOHNSON	R. LITCHENBERG
ERKEL	A. HAMILTON	G. KOCH	G. MURRAY
COBURN	G. HAZLETT	G. KENDALL	J. YOUNGER
OLLINS	R. HERNDEN	G. LAWRENCE	R. CHISHOLM

Swimming

d. FERRARI	F. SCHMIEDER	D. TAFF
MORAN	W. SCHNUTENHAUS	D. YOUNG

Track

ALEXANDER	W. STEINBERG	E. SUDDEN
MURTANE	H. LEGALLET	W. WHITMAN
E. BAYLEY	B. NEILL	



W. WHITMAN      F. ANDERSON      L. MORAN

LW

Football

G. AHORN	J. REARDON	H. POMIN
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A week of careful workouts followed, and on Friday, October 22, our fighters met the Potter eleven. Although only a practice game, it was very important, as it was necessary for us to demonstrate to the Potterites that our team was the better of the two, thus giving us a clear right to play Sacred Heart for the S. F. A. L. title. The entire student body was there, and every one saw our eleven go through the blue and white team for yards at a time. Never since the San Mateo game had our team worked so well, and for the first time our coach was satisfied with the showing made. The final score, 25-0, left no doubt as to our right to play for the championship.

October 30 proved to be another Tiger day, when the team defeated the Hitchcock Military Academy by a score of 13-0. Although the visitors put up a good fight, they could not break through the stiff defense of the Tiger line. The Tiger backfield had the necessary punch to put over two touchdowns, thus giving us another victory.

On Saturday, November 6, came the big game of the season. Since Sacred Heart and Lick-Wilmerding were the only teams in the S. F. A. L. this game was to decide the championship. Realizing this, our Tigers fought as they never had before and came out on top of a 35-6 score. The first two quarters were a demonstration of straight football, and during this time our team made 14 points. The third period brought forth a rally from the opponents, and they obtained their lone score. In the last period the Tigers opened the bag of tricks, and scored 3 more touchdowns as a finishing touch.

November 13 proved to be a jinx for the Tigers, when they lost a hard-fought battle with Selma High School. Although our men fought to the final whistle, they received their second defeat of the season at the hands of a superior team.

On November 26, the team played its first C. I. F. game, when it met Mt. View. Although it was the day after Thanksgiving, this did not affect the playing of the team, and they started the game with a rush, scoring twice in the first half on forward passes. In the second half, the Mt. View team came back determined to even the score, but the Tigers had their fighting spirit up, and while they allowed the opponents one touchdown, they put over two more for themselves, leaving the final score 26-7, and giving the Tigers the right to play Berkeley for the championship of the North Coast Section of the C. I. F.







## Swimming

**S**WIMMING has received a great deal of support from the Student Body and the Faculty this year. Through the efforts of Mr. Williams the swimming team was allowed the use of the Y. M. C. A. tank as training quarters. The spirit which the fellows showed in coming out for practice could not have been better. Due to it a great deal of fine material was developed from the lower classes.

The interclass held at Sutro Baths on September thirteenth was won by the '23-J class after a life and death struggle with the Juniors ('22-J). The S. F. A. L. was held on October second at Sutro. The fellows went out with a great amount of fight and upheld the Tiger spirit nobly, their only drawback being inexperience. Litchenberg and Crane supported the weight division. In both of the sprints, the 50 and 100 yard dashes, Murray and Hendell showed that without doubt they were the base upon which a fast bunch of sprinters will be built. The 50 yard back stroke was left to Mills and D. Young while Irving and Moran in the 220 and 440 yard races figured second and third respectively. H. Trask showed the "ear marks" of a good distance man and will be a wonder in the future. Schmieder and Remensperger have developed into formidable breast strokers and Crane and Bailey proved to be excellent divers.

This year the team was captained by Schmieder and managed by Don Young. To Schmieder goes the credit for the revival of interest in water sports.

## Basketball 100-Pound Team

**T**HE 100-pound team was whipped into real fine condition ready to conquer the world very early in the term. This year's line-up includes three of last year's veterans—our honorable and able captain, Luthi, and his two subordinates, Johnston and Kotta.

Several practice games were played with the following results:

J. J. A. C. 110-pound 31 vs. Lick 35.

Daniel Wester 110-pound 10 vs. Lick 43.

Commerce 100-pound 37 vs. Lick 32.

On November 16 Lick's 100-pound team met and defeated Commerce in a hard and gruelling fight by the score of 18-12. Kotta was the star shooting the baskets at will. On November 23 we played Lowell and, although apparently in for a defeat, we won by a score of 13-19. Among other games of the season are that with Sacred Heart and then a game with Poly for the city championship.

"Little Kid" Kotta plays at forward; "Venus" Danave plays the other forward; Captain Luthi is in the center and "Red" Johnston, the running guard, plays with "Scrub" Mooney, the other guard. Panella, Bayley, and Sommerfield are reliable "subs."

## 110-Pound Team

The 110-pound team started practice early in September and has continued its persevering work throughout the entire season. A practice game was played with San Mateo's 120-pound team and won by them after a hard fight. The score at the end of the game stood 13 to 8 in favor of our opponents. Considering, however, that we were outweighed ten pounds to a man our showing was very creditable. It merely made us grit our teeth and say, "Try, try again!"

Our first League game of the season was lost to St. Ignatius but not until we had given them battle of their lives. At half time the score was 11 to 8 in favor of St. Ignatius. In the second half we tried hard but could not overcome the lead our opponents had. The final score stood 21 to 29. Our pass work and the shooting done by Meyer and Captain Imhof were the outstanding features of the game and won recognition from both sides.

The battling team had in it four veterans; namely, Captain Imhof, Aghem, Bowen and Meyer. Captain Imhof plays forward and his accurate shooting of both field goals and fouls was keenly appreciated by the team. Scrappy Bowen is the other forward and he is always on the ball. This is almost literal as he is the best tackler on the team. Lucky Meyer II plays center and is a chip of the old block. "Kid" Aghem, star guard of last year's 100-pound team plays guard on this year's team also. He surely does keep his forwards from shooting. Harold Crane, a new man at guard, is worth his weight in gold as a player. The other men who have helped to build up and make a success of the team are Kidwell, Barthold, Moran and Meyer.



## Lick-Wilmerding Track Team

**T**HE results of the Track season this year were not very impressive. However, we made the best of "fisherman's luck" and the fellows who did contend kept the old Lick spirit alive on the "cinder path." To those fellows goes the credit for all that we have done and they deserve the unstinted praise of the whole Student Body.

In Neil, Whitman, Bailey, Alexander, and Hamilton we have the nucleus around which we may hope to build a winning running crew. All of these men will be at Lick-Wilmerding next year and they will work toward a common goal—that winning bunch of two-legged antelopes.

A resume of the season is as follows:

### Interclass

The interclass was won by '22 and the stars who ran in the contest were Mills, Whitman, Alexander, Bailey, Legallet, and Imhof.

### Cogswell

Cogswell won the meet by a score of 84 to 49. This defeat should only strengthen the determination to "do or die" next year.

### S. F. A. L.

In the meet of the S. F. A. L., Lick-Wilmerding won a fourth place, due to the sterling work of four men; namely, Neil, Bailey, Atkinson, and Alexander.

# Lux Athletics

## Basketball

**L**AST year a new basketball system was adopted. The school divided into squads, and from these the best players are picked for the class teams. Each team plays against the corresponding team of another school. With the system in force each girl is given a better chance to win a numeral or the coveted block "L."

Basketball managers have been elected. The Freshmen chose Maud Knoles captain and Mildred Fagar manager. Mildred McLaughlin is the captain of the Sophomore team and Sarah Barnum its manager. The captain of the Junior team is Eugenia Wilfert; the manager Ellen Knoles. The Seniors selected Alice McLaughlin as captain and Thelma Eorina manager.

The interclass games came off with a rush this season, the Juniors carrying away the honors.

The first interschool game was between the Poly and Lux Freshmen. The Luxites won by a score of 15-9 through the excellent playing of Maud Knoles.

Too much credit cannot be given to Miss Fassett, our coach, for without her untiring work and cheerful assistance Lux could not have completed such a successful season.

## Gymnasium Work

Chest up! chin in! These are the words which greet all Lux girls on "the roof." All who take "Gym" hope to achieve the elusive E for excellence in posture. Let us explain that the E admits one to membership in the American Posture League. This organization encourages correct habits of sitting and standing, because of their influence on bodily vigor and mental alertness.

In dancing we call this poise and grace; in gymnastic exercises it is form and in sports we throw our utmost capacity of vigor and alertness into the game.

In October the whole school gave an informal demonstration of gymnasium work and dancing and all profited greatly by it.

## Swimming Club

The girls have at last organized a swimming club with the help of Miss Fassett. At the first meeting Doris Holtz was elected president; Claudine Lacoume, vice-president and Ethel Birmingham secretary. Every Tuesday the girls practice at the Y. W. C. A. Several of the girls are good swimmers but the majority are novices.

Next Spring the girls are going to have an interclass meet. The best swimmers will represent the school in the inter-scholastic meet.

We have a very sizeable society now but all girls who can swim or wish to learn are urged to join now and "avoid the rush."



Foolish Senior—Teacher, can we have some oral work on the board tomorrow?  
\* \* \*

Koch—Is irrigation any good to the land?

Eichel—Of course. Anyone knows it's reclaimed large areas of swamps.  
\* \* \*

Atkinson Theorem.

To prove that Poor is better than Excellent.

Proof.—1. Nothing is better than excellent.

Proof.—2. Poor is better than nothing.

Therefore Poor is better than Excellent.  
\* \* \*

Taylor's Sayings—Short and Snappy.

Clothes don't make the man but suits have made many a lawyer.

It's only Wednesday and yet I feel so Thurs-day.

Buy George Washington ouija boards—they never tell a lie.  
\* \* \*

Heard at the Caf.—Give me a ferry slip,—I mean a Cherry Flip.  
\* \* \*

Some Books Worth Reading (Chosen at Random.)

A Scientific Treatice on Perpetual Motion by Wesly Alter, P. M.

Why some Men Leave Home (from personal experience) by George Quinn, L-W-L.

The Soviets and Communism in America by Michaelitsky and Lefkowitch, R. E. D. S.

The book of Horrors (Real and Unreal) by Victor Hugo Hornlein, N. U. T.

How to Get Fat on Twenty Cents by Skinner.

My Hobby—Homework by Ira Coburn, Q. & Q.

The Awful, Dreadful, Frightful, Shocking, Horrible Sensation of Being in a Movie House ——Earl Soiland, W. O. R. D. S.

Lehrke's Infamous and Highly Efficient Bottled Poison by Dr. Hector Henry Lehrke, F. A. K. E. (Will give painless death to any suicidal attempt. Try it. If it doesn't work your money back.)  
\* \* \*

We heard once of a hen who sat on a china egg for 21 days and brought a set of dishes into the world. Bet that gave her a case of shell shock.  
\* \* \*

Well Known Sayings by

Miss Jackson: Take out your notebook. Dec. 32 for Dec. 33.

Mrs. Morrison: Qu—iet! Silence! Must I send some one to the office?

Miss Glass: No hablan, Senores.

Mr. Heymann: Dass iss all wrong.

Mr. Tibbetts: The Fundamental Principles are — — —

Miss Burns: Will you tell Lawrence that he is wanted at the office?

Mr. Plumb: How come?

Miss Boulware: This is supposed to be a study period.

Mr. Maybeck: Well. What do you want?

# The Senior Analysis

Victim	Nickname	Appearance	Favorite Pastime	As seen by self	As seen by others	Where to find 'em	Destiny
Beale	Willie	Animated	Kiddling	Bluebeard	Baseball star	Silly	Most anywhere
Collins	Just Frank	Short and sweet	Cackling	Popular	A Joker	Bossing rallies	Circus clown
Crowley	Sam	Tough	Starting fights	Lightweight champ	Gridiron hero	In a scrap	Train robber
Eichel	Bluebeard	Childish	Looking simple	Noble white man	Conducting a harem	In a trance	Mormon
Gatley	Dick	Stylish	Slicking up	Social lion	Whiskered	Where Betty is	Casino dancer
Holmgren	Swede	Innocent	Going to sleep	Woman tamer	Peroxide blonde	A la library	Fond Father
Kelleher	Jerry	Comical	Upholding Erin	Irish statesman	Sein Feiner	Helping DeValera	Pres. of Ireland
Koch	Moose	Dignified	Talking of the night before	Philosopher	A missing link	Asleep	Office boy
Litten	Cocky	Elongated	Staying up nights	Physics shark	Lanky	In bed	Safe cracker
Maas	Hen	Short and Snappy	Smiling sweetly	Artist	Cute	Chasing Dick	Union bill poster
McClinton	Mac	Unique	Convincing Merrill	Authority on anything	Chas. Ray II.	“Life” office	Constable at Blingame
Quinn	Trumbone	Untamed	Doing English	Mechanic	Harmless	Behind the fence	Moonshiner
Schmeider	Cowboy	Antiquated	Eating	Norman Ross II.	Mysterious	In deep water	Millionaire tramp
Soiland	Oil	Goofy	Going to “movies”	Authority on everything	Authority on nothing	Hinderling Mac	Soap box orator
Wood	Marian	Inexpressible	Avoiding creditors	Good looking	Cunning	In Coliseum	Poor house

## 'Tis Rumored That

**T**HE date of the house warming to be given when the New Wilmerding Building is completed has been definitely decided upon as the day after the world comes to an end. Manager Soilard of the "L-W-L Life" went to a circus, took in a show and then topped off a very enjoyable Sunday by going to a cabaret supper at Tait's. It is rumored that his mentality is strained but growing steadily worse so we may hope for an early recovery.

Litton has almost reached his loftiest altitude. When his head gets to its final resting place he will install a wireless station in the wilderness.

Alter has perfected his perpetual motion machine and all he has to do now is to try it out. He is starting for the highest place in the sky when a few little details are attended to.

When Lehrke has no one else to talk to he talks to himself. He thinks this mode of entertaining one's self very beneficial to the general public.

Mrs. Morrison did not send any one out of the room last week. We think that she is becoming very lax in her disciplinary methods. She should have sent the usual number of pupils to the office.

Earl, commonly called "Gas" Mains will complete his p. g. course by 2000 A. D. We hope the world will not come to an end before he succeeds because the house warming day will interrupt his studies.

Ira Coburn still has the same amount of quality but has lost ten pounds of quantity by hard football practice. The editor is still hunting for the ten pounds.

There was a time when some of the scrubs had Fords. Now rumor has it that the new additions will have use for baby carriages. Too bad we didn't have a few to sell at the bazaar.

The Junior-Freshman Picnic was a big success.

Mr. Tibbetts, our worthy chemistry teacher, fooled the class the other day and deliberately sprang a new joke. Rather unfair to the class.

Max A. Plumb, B. S. uses his knowledge of physics to good advantage since July, nineteen. If this is true we hope he will invite us to his home some pleasant evening.

Imhof is raising a beard and will soon have use for a lawn mower.

Bluebeard Eichel is destined to become a ladies' man in the far future.

Miss Burns and "Red" Lawrence do not know each other very well.

Frank Collins holds the Championship as far as the number of joint rallies held during one term are concerned.

Editor McClinton uses Miss Otto as an excuse for going up to Lux.

\* \* \*

Luthi—Hey, Phat, why are you stout—Plump—or, you know what I mean?

Ira—I have to keep that way for political reasons.

Luthi—And how's that?

Phat—Because my motto is "Quality and Quantity" and I have to show quantity to make them think that I have quality.

Miss Boulware (hard at work for the bazaar)—Do you know where there are some big cat—tails?

Bright Pupil—When I was on my vacation I got some near Los Angeles.

Mr. Plumb—Give me the name of a solid which, on evaporating, can be detected by one of the senses.

Schmeider—A hunk of Limburger!

\* \* \*

Heard in Physics.

Lux teacher—Which is faster, heat or cold?

Impudent student—Heat because you can catch cold.

\* \* \*

Heard in Civics.

Mrs. Woodland—What do you have to do to have a warrant made out?

Lyton—Swear!

\* \* \*

Klinker—Well, I guess I'll swear off gambling.

Koch—I don't believe you can.

Klinker—Bet you four bits I can. Take it?

\* \* \*

Heard in '21-J English—Miss Jackson, discussing outlines. The girls undoubtedly have the best form.

\* \* \*

Ever Hear This One? .

How were the Egyptians paid for the goods taken by the Israelites the night of their flight?

They received a check on the Bank of the Red Sea.

\* \* \*

#### A Prophecy of a Week's Experience.

The year had gloomily begun z  
For Willie Beale, a poor man's ——SUN.

He was beset with bill and dun

And he had very little ——MON.

“This cash,” said he, “Will not pay dues.

I've nothing here but ones and ——TUES.”

A bright thot struck him and he said,

“The rich Miss Goldrocks, I will ——WED.

And when he paid his court to her

She lisped but firmly said, “NO, THUR.”

“Alas,” said he, “then I must die!”

His soul went where they say souls ——FRI.

They found his gloves and coat and hat

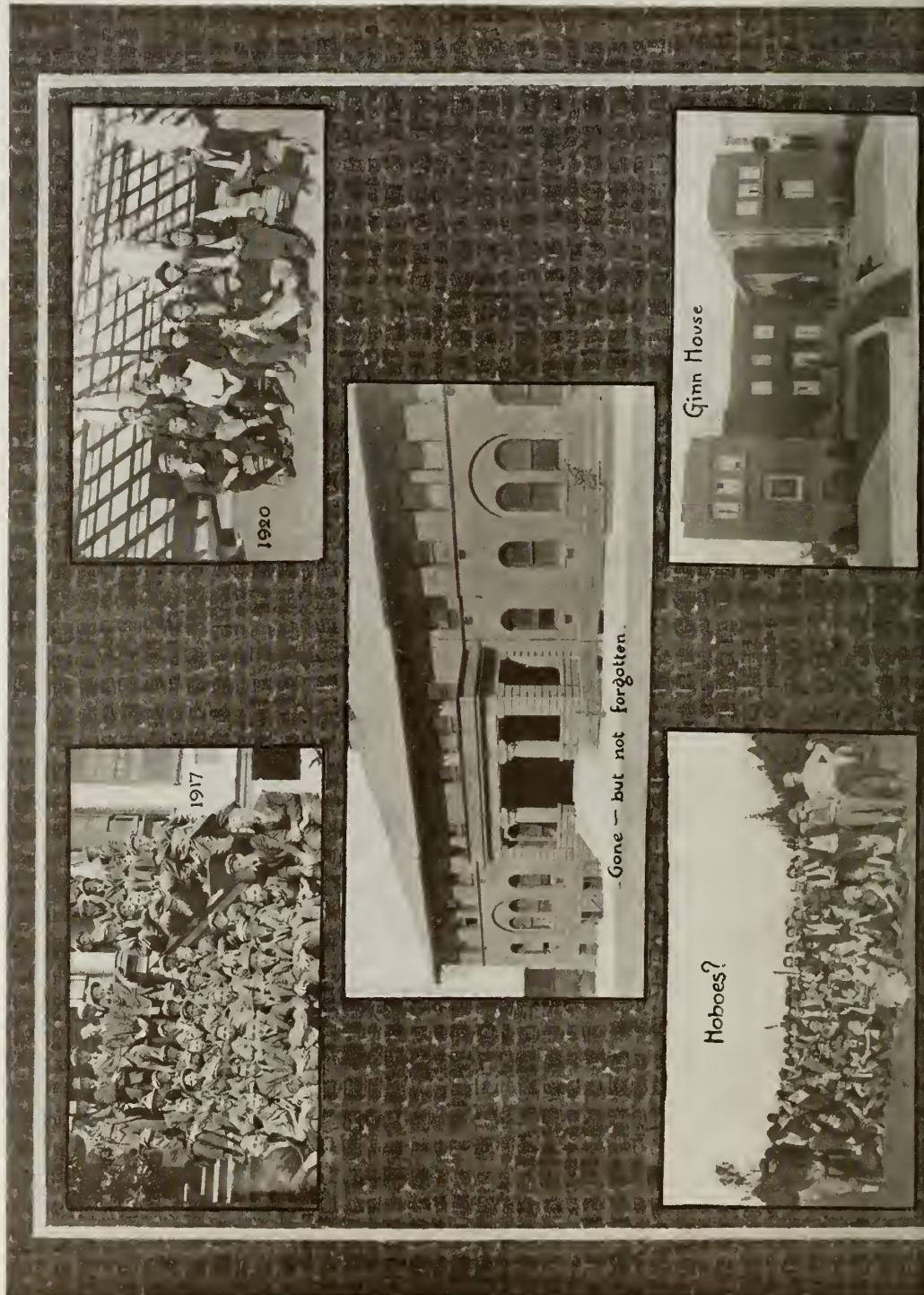
And the Coroner then upon him ——SAT.

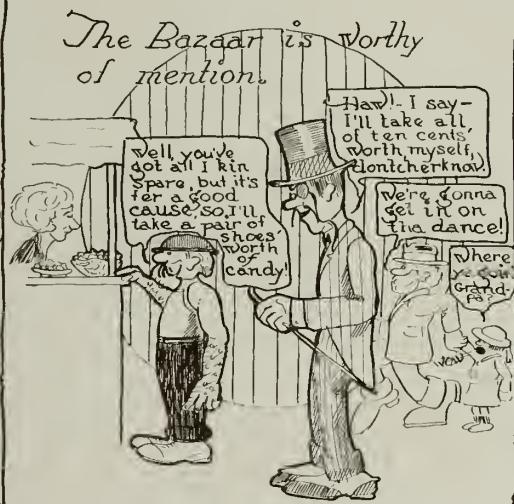
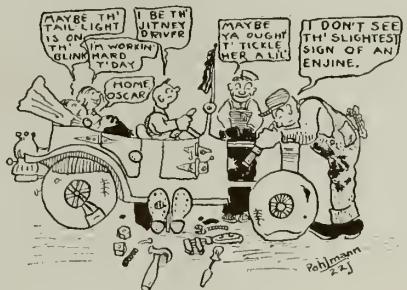
(The one who thus does prophecy,

Will not look Willie in the eye) nor will the editor.

\* \* \*

Try to find an original. If found please return to the “Life” office.





Joyce—I got a zero in Algebra today.

Kidwell—That's nothing.

Joyce—What's nothing?

Kidwell—Zero. (He's right at that.)

\* \* \*

Harley (in geometry)—You ought to have a rubber blackboard.

Alter (who really believes himself to be funny)—Yeh. If a number wasn't big enough you could stretch it.

\* \* \*

In Physics, when eight fellows try to answer all at the same time.

Mr. Plumb—Remember I'm not an old woman and can't understand more than one of you at a time.

\* \* \*

Why not go to the tailor?

Hazlett (in English)—Ichabod went to his girl's house to press his suit but Brom Bones beat him to it.

\* \* \*

Chief Dixon, loafing around the lower corridor of the new Lick building.

McClinton, coming down the stairs—Gee, Chief, why don't you tend to your job once in a while?

Mister Dixon—I'm working the way I'm supposed to right now. What are you going to do about it?

\* \* \*

Lefkovitch at class meeting—There are three fellows here who have not paid their dues and if they will come up to the desk and pay now, I will not call out their names!

\* \* \*

Mr. Plumb—When you hit a nail with a hammer the kinetic energy is changed to heat.

Lehrke, our physicist—How is it when you hit a guy on the head you knock him cold?

\* \* \*

Miss Wood, to Kimble—What have you in your mouth?

Kimble (in a very low voice)—Teeth.

Miss Wood (not hearing quite clearly)—Come up here and throw it into the waste basket!

\* \* \*

Lamenting Senior, after failing in recitation—If second thoughts are the best, why do they never come first?

\* \* \*

Louise Valci—They say that human bodies contain sulphur in varying amounts.

Claudine Buckholz—Then that explains it.

Louise—Explains what?

Claudine—Why some girls make better matches than others.

\* \* \*

If you can't laugh at the jokes of the age, laugh at the age of the jokes.

## THE BEARD GROWING CONTEST

Perhaps this was the most original stunt of the past semester. The charter members were Kelleher, Schmeider and Gatley, three fellows who were determined to have a "Life." Yes, this contest was also for the benefit of the journal. Although the proceeds perhaps only paid for a page, all the fifty-six memberships helped.

Much interest centered around Simi, Mills, Kelleher, Hornlein, Kock and Gatley, towards the close of the contest. All except the first three of these close-runners were disqualified for shaving. The close of the contest found Mills winner and his reward, a bid to the mid-term dance, was formally given to him.

\* \* \*

Mr. Plumb (performing *Mysto Magic* in Physics—No use talking, I'm clever.

\* \* \*

E. Meyer—I wonder what would happen if you happened to agree with me on any subject?

R. Kleine—Why, then we would both be wrong.

\* \* \*

In English—De teacher gave him de—duce for fooling.

Mi—grate in the parlor smokes.

The baby hit her father on the head and said to her aunt, "Ante-ce-dent on papa's head!"

\* \* \*

When a Scholar shoots a gun how it Bangs, Tra—la.

\* \* \*

Referee—Foul!

Dyson—Where are the feathers?

Referee—Oh. This is a picked team.

\* \* \*

Quinn—What's the matter, fat? You look sick.

Coburn—I've just undergone a serious operation.

Quinn—Appendicitis?

"Fat"—No. Worse than that. I had my allowance cut off.

\* \* \*

P. Mormino (Dancing with Mildred)—Oh! Did I step on your foot again?

Mildred—I didn't know you had been off.

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# Autographs

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